

# ESCAPE

PAUL RAMBALI

*French Sex*

JEAN-PAUL GAULTIER

*Cabaret Couture*

JEAN-CLAUDE GÖTTING

*Park Rendezvous*

ALAIN RESNAIS & JÜLÈS FEIFFER

*Cinema Dessiné*

HOWARD CHAYKIN

*Modern Jazz*

SCULPTURE

MUSIC

COMICS

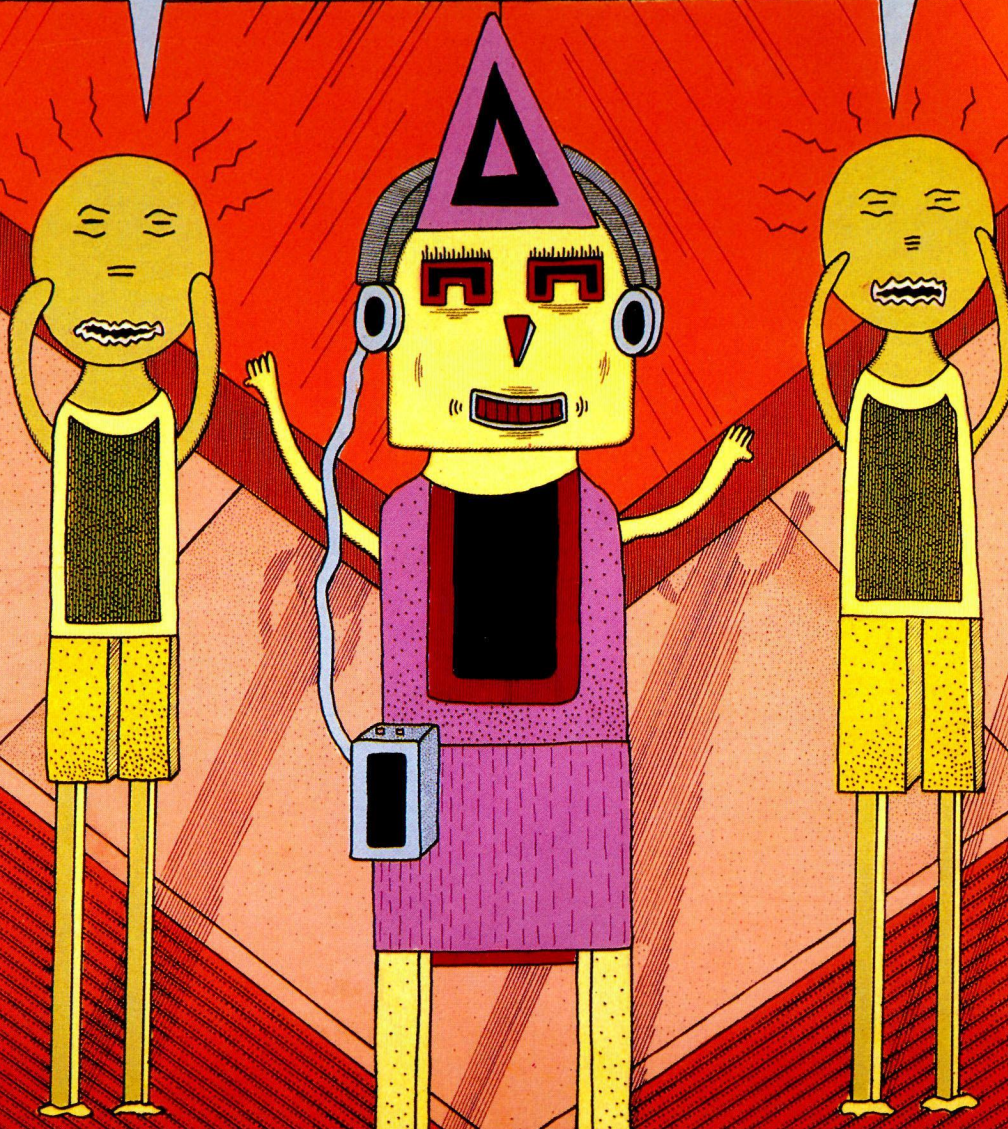


*Paris Souvenir*



# COLD CUT

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



## THE DEBUT ALBUM

FEATURING

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“DOCTORIN THE HOUSE”

“STOP THIS CRAZY THING”

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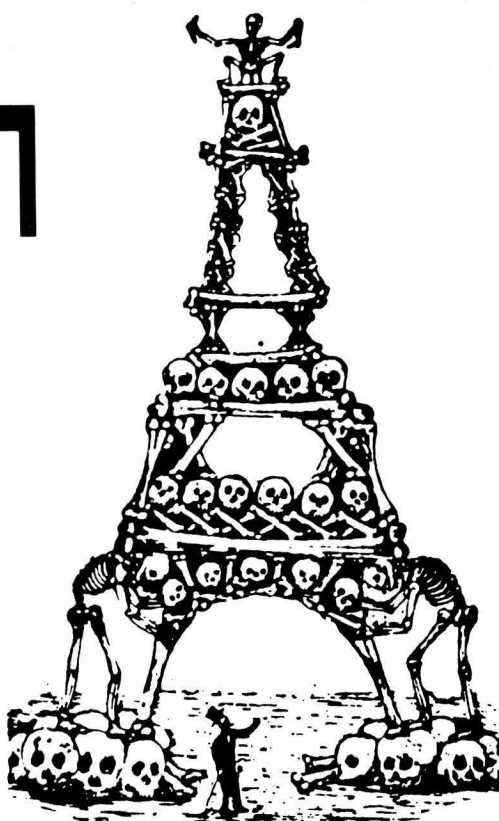
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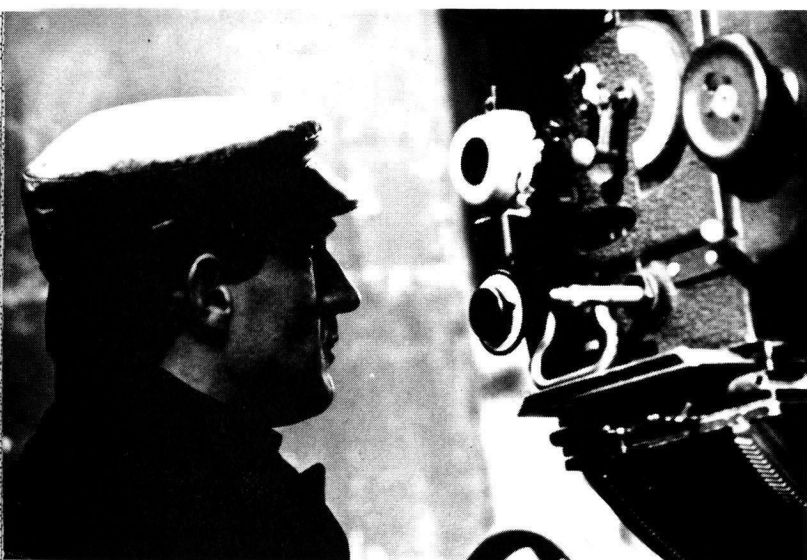
# PLAN

*'Paris is a city of love. It breathes love. You get the impression that in every corner lovers are hiding, under the Mansart roofs and behind the tall doors lovers are embracing. It's a cliché, but what a beau cliché! Paris is a phrase of Clemenceau, "The best moment in love is when you climb the staircase!"'*

Jill Caplan, French pop singer, from *French Blues* by Paul Rambali — see page 5



A CALAVERA OR SKELETON PRINT FROM J.G. POSADA: MESSENGER OF MORTALITY — SEE PAGE 21



British photographer MICHAEL COOPER is probably best remembered for the Beatles' Sgt. Pepper LP cover; not only did he snap the photo, he also worked with Peter Blake on the design and building of the set in 1967. In fact, Michael Cooper was one of the most active photographers of the Sixties, intimately recording both the public and private lives of the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, as well as major influential figures from the worlds of art, literature and film, like Raoul Dufy, Andy Warhol, William Burroughs and, shown here on the set of *Fahrenheit 451*, François Truffaut. The first ever public exhibit of Cooper's revealing portraits of that decade is currently on at The Special Photographers Gallery, 21 Kensington Park Road, London W11 until July 22nd.



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God Bless Us, Every One.

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COVER: JEAN-CLAUDE GÖTTING



by  
**john mckitterick**  
men  
and  
women

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**89**

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# Coquettes and Lovers

*What are the secrets of the successful French woman? How does she combine being an equal and being a coquette? And is the French man's reputation as the world's greatest lover justified?*

*Paul Rambali talks to Parisian women with the answers.*



**F**RENCH WOMEN DID NOT WIN THE VOTE, it was given to them after the war, and even then only because De Gaulle surmised (correctly) that they would vote for him. 'Why else would anyone give somebody the vote?', a Frenchwoman once reasoned to me. So much for emancipation. But then – how can the perfect coquette ever be the perfect equal?

Frederique is 28 years old. Between mature adults, I put the crucial question to a Frenchwoman: 'Do you prefer to be an equal or a coquette?'

There is barely a moment's hesitation.

*'Rester coquette.'*

She is quite confident. 'I have no problem being an equal. But if you have to struggle for a post, I would be a coquette too. *Il faut profiter de ça. Jouer de ça!*'

But there are nuances. 'It's not that you don't want access to the privileges and the power that men have. Or that you can't do the same jobs as men. I think that's not the issue anymore. The one doesn't impede the other. It's a bit frivolous, the word *coquette*. Women can work, we can do all the things men do, but we like to be desirable at the same time.'

'All my friends around 25 to 30 have had children; they all do interesting work, not jobs reserved for women and they all enjoy buying clothes and being beautiful.'

'It's a post-Seventies thing. Our generation of women live a lot better and are much happier than the generation of the Seventies. We didn't live through the trauma of '68 like the older generation – and so we didn't have to deal with the negative consequences. They worked so hard to be equals that they ended up 'out of their shoes'. They have a hard time reconciling themselves with the fact that they are women who want to be beautiful, to be desired and to have children. What they did was so enormous that they were a little deranged by it. Thanks to them, though, I have the choice to be a woman in a traditional role and to have a job that interests me that was once the province of men.'

'It's also important. We want to *assure*, but not at any price. Not at the price of rivalry and jealousy, which is what the older generation have paid by competing with men on their own terms, but in another way.'

'But it does depend where you are in society. Things have not changed that much. You would still have a lot of difficulty getting respect if you were working with a lot of old-fashioned men. If you were a nurse, you would probably see things in another way. There are still a lot of jobs where women are paid less than men despite the legislation for equal pay.'

## THE IMPERFECT LOVER

Connoisseurs of everything, including women, fastidious, attentive and charming, do French men make better lovers? I ask some women in a position to compare.

Maria, 28, is Swedish. She works in advertising and has lived in Paris for ten years. She is still enchanted by the art of the *drague*, the French art of chatting up.

'I think it makes a good accessory to the day. It's the first sign of spring. You're chatted up everywhere, by shopkeepers, in cafes. It's not really chatting up, it's just people passing the time of day. But the serious *drague* – that's horrible; guys who lie and try to impress you. That you get all over the world. What's very French is the little daily *drague de charme*. And even that's not as heavy here as it is in Rome for example. In Paris it's lighter. But I missed it enormously in London. It was as if the days would never end. That's what it's like in Sweden and Germany. And in Japan too. There they only try to chat you up when they're very, very drunk, and it becomes grotesque. In France, the way they escort women is very particular. But you can't stay friends with guys; you think you can but after two years or so you find out that you can't. They want to be surrounded by beautiful girls, no matter what the price; even if it makes them unhappy.'

Connie, 27, is German, a translator who has lived in Paris for five years.

'Parisians more easily come up to a girl and just start chatting her up. The only problem is that they think they can always chat you up in the same way. Sometimes they try to think of roundabout ways, playing on your vanity or your weaknesses, trying to put you down or make you less sure of yourself. The funniest thing is that they think that is what will interest you. Usually it's not aggressive, it just lacks imagination. But then maybe French girls always want to hear the same things?'

'My impression is that the average length of affairs here is two or three months, compared with nearer six months in Germany. Anyway, the average sentimental age of a French guy of 25 is that of a boy of 16. It's impossible for them to get deeper than a certain level. It's just having fun, having the girl as an ornament, a status symbol, a sex toy. The faster you get interested in the guy, the faster he will break off with you, because he feels he's not ready to get involved – until he decides that he has to get married. And then three months later he marries a girl, though she might not correspond to his type at all.'

'I know a man who had a number of very heated relationships, always very sexually charged but never lasting very long. He has just turned 30 and has decided

he wants to get married. He will probably marry a girl who is nice and with whom he can get along with in bed more or less – less rather than more, because he will always have girls on the side, but not with whom he would feel able to have children. They wouldn't please his mother.'

'But Frenchmen are not really at ease with women. They see girls as girls not as other human beings with whom they can build a friendship. They expect women to be *coquettes*. They are victims of the idea that women are not equal to men, that you can't have a normal relationships with them.'

'And in bed they are no better than men anywhere else! Sometimes you have the impression that they put more effort into getting you into bed than into what they do once they have got you there. The thrill for them is the chase.'

Caroline, 30, is British, a photographer married to a Frenchman.

'I left London when I was 20 and I lived in the States before I moved here five years ago. Men in London are much more down-to-earth. There's no dream, you aren't given a dream – even if it is a false dream. I never really fell for anyone in London. I met a few people but that was all through work or things like that. I was never swept off my feet in London the way I have been in Paris. I think Parisians are basically more charming. I think they do have a facility for seduction. It may be superficial, but the impression is overwhelming – hotels and champagne and so on – which I don't think you get in England.'

'But French men don't make such good friends. Englishmen are harder to get to know but once you do they make a solid friend. In Paris, if it doesn't work out, things go from hot to cold. Here you never see them again. I think it's too hard on their egos.'

'The basic crux of it is that the French are a much more romantic nation. Sex is a more important part of the dating game. In England it's not only sex that counts. In England you can have a relationship. That makes Frenchmen lonely and one day they realise it. Then they grow up. There are no laws about it. But I don't think it's true that they make better lovers. I'm sure that's something that a Frenchman made up.'

**An extract from *French Blues* by Paul Rambali, published by Heinemann on July 10th.**

# DEATH BY DIALOGUE

18



STARRING  
KEN SAGOES, LENNY DELDUCA, KELLY SULLIVAN  
LAURA ALBERT, JUDE GERARD, R. J. WALKER

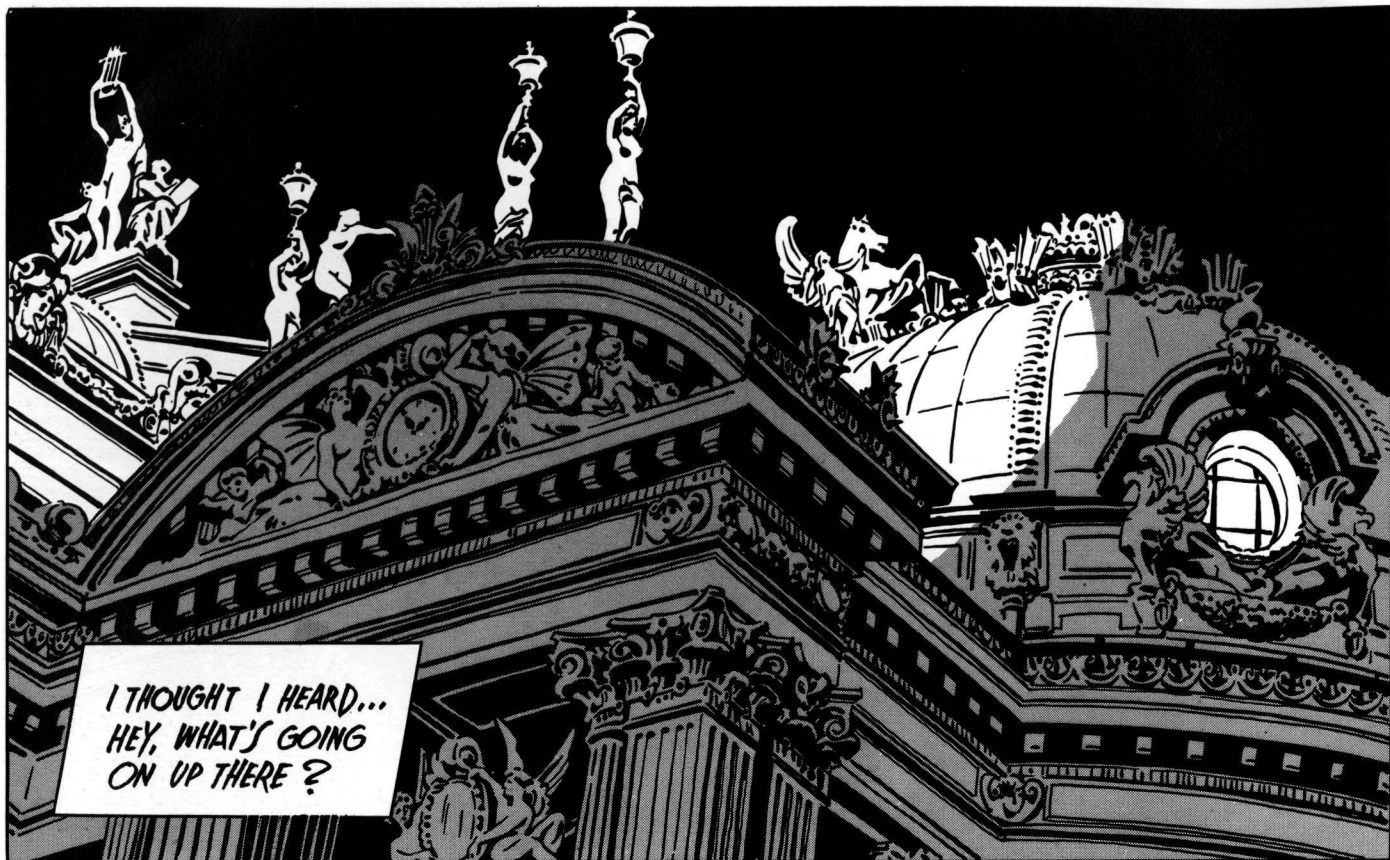
"DEATH BY DIALOGUE" is an unusual  
disturbing horror film, containing spectacular  
SFX and supernatural thrills starring  
Ken Sagoes star of Nightmare on Elm Street 3 ...

RELEASE DATE

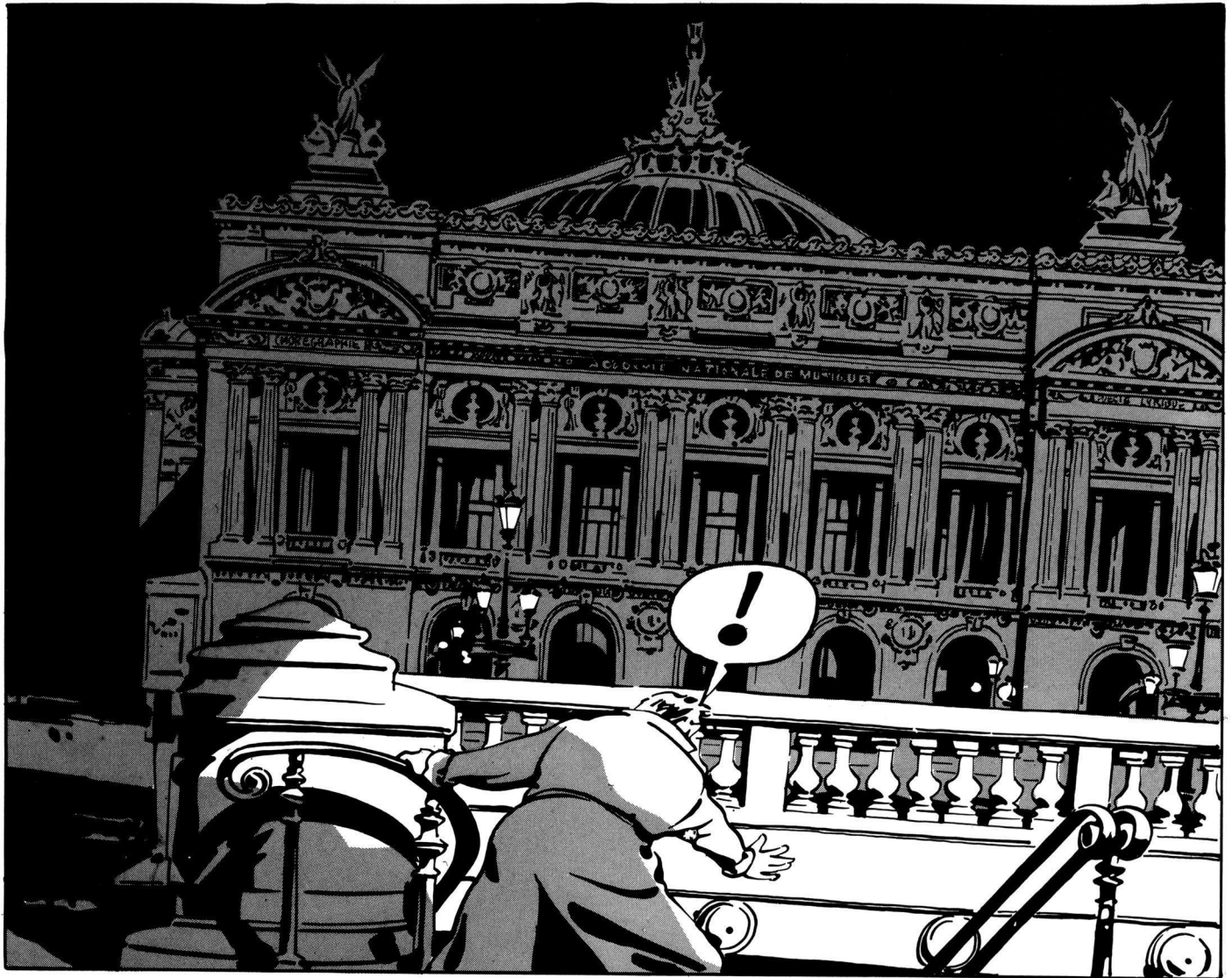
**JULY 21st**

**COLOURBOX**









# LES NEGRESSSES VERTES



*My lah*

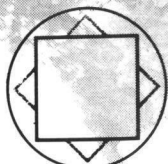
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1958 WAS A DREAFFUL YEAR IN THE LIFE OF LESTER YOUNG... AFTER A STAY IN THE HOSPITAL, HIS SECOND (SOME SAID THIRD) MARRIAGE COLLAPSED--AND HE FOUND HIMSELF DISSOLVING UNDER THE DEBILITATING EFFECTS OF ACUTE ALCOHOLISM AND CHRONIC NEGLECT.

HE WAS, IF ANYTHING, A HABITUAL MAN. ONCE INSTALLED ON THE STAND, HE FELL INTO THE KIND OF LIFE HE'D ALWAYS LIVED--

UNDER THE CARE OF FRIENDS-- INCLUDING A DOCTOR AND JAZZ FAN WHO HELPED HIM STAY AWAY FROM THE BOTTLE--HE HAD REGAINED ENOUGH OF HIS STRENGTH TO ACCEPT A SOLO GIG IN PARIS, IN FEBRUARY, 1959.

IT WAS BILLIE HOLIDAY-- HERSELF NICKNAMED "LADY DAY" BY LESTER-- WHO DUBBED HIM "PRES." SHE SAID, "I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS THE GREATEST... THE GREATEST MAN AROUND THEN WAS FDR-- AND HE WAS THE PRESIDENT... IT GOT SHORTENED TO 'PRES.'"

OTHER TENORS HAVE HAD THEIR CONSTITUENCIES-- COLEMAN HAWKINS, OR DON BYAS, FOR EXAMPLE-- BUT IT WAS PRES WHO SPOKE THE LANGUAGE OF MODERN JAZZ A DECADE BEFORE IT WAS INVENTED.

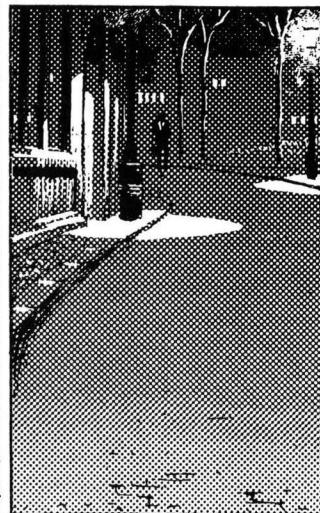
PLAYING LATE INTO THE NIGHT-- OFTEN UNTIL EARLY DAWN--

--THEN STAGGERING BACK TO HIS SMALL HOTEL ROOM--

--SLEEPING FITFULLY THROUGH THE DAYLIGHT HOURS, 'TIL DUSK--

--RISING, HANGING AROUND--EATING LITTLE, BUT, TYPICALLY, DRINKING PLENTY--

--THEN RETRACING HIS EXACT ROUTE BACK TO THE BLUE NOTE--TO RESUME THE PATTERN AGAIN.



IN TELEPHONE CALLS TO NEW YORK, HE COMPLAINED --AS HE OFTEN DID--

HE ALSO RECORDED WHAT WAS TO BE HIS LAST SESSION WHILE IN PARIS--

--ABOUT THE QUALITY OF HIS FRENCH SIDEMEN-- AND ABOUT "FEELING A DRAFT"-- NOTING THE PRESENCE OF RACISM.

--AS WELL AS GIVING AN INTERVIEW TO A FRENCH JOURNALIST--

--WHICH CONTAINED OFTEN RETOLD ANECDOTES OF HIS LIFE--



THE HEROIC SAXOPHONE BATTLE IN KANSAS CITY-- WHEN LESTER CUT COLEMAN HAWKINS--



THE MYSTERIOUS TELEGRAM HE SENT TO COUNT BASIE--WHICH GOT HIM HIRED ONTO THAT BAND--



THE UNHAPPY TIME SPENT IN THE FLETCHER HENDERSON ORCHESTRA--



HIS UNEXPECTED DEPARTURE FROM BASIE IN 1940, ALLEGEDLY TO AVOID A GAG ON FRIDAY THE 13TH--



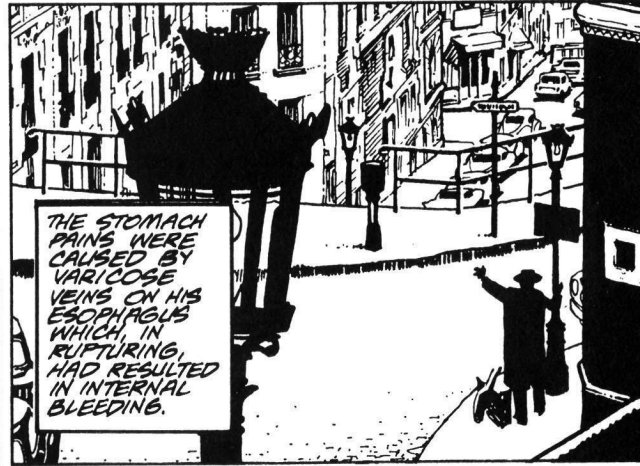
--AMONG OTHERS--THE SMALL EPICS OF A LIFE OF CHRONIC NOMADISM...RUSHING TO A PAINFUL END.

THREE WEEKS INTO THE BLUE NOTE ENGAGEMENT, HE BEGAN TO EXPERIENCE SEVERE, CRIPPLING STOMACH PAINS, WITH LITTLE TRUST IN ANYONE--PARTICULARLY FRENCH-SPEAKING DOCTORS--



HE TELEPHONED NEW YORK--PACKED ALL OF HIS BELONGINGS--

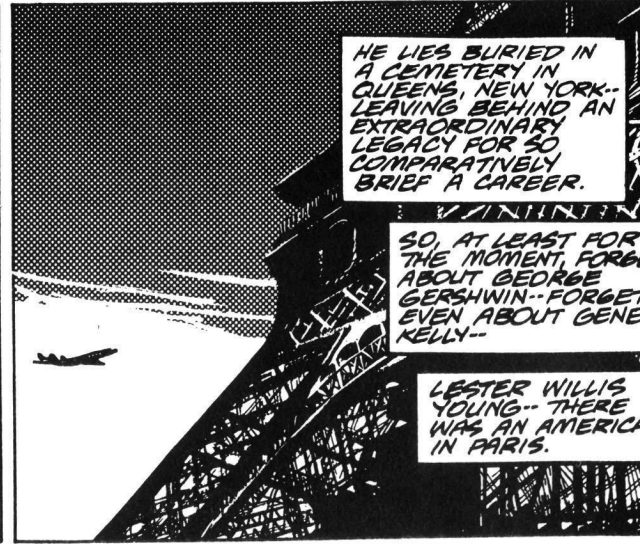
--AND TAXICABBED TO ORLY FOR THE FLIGHT TO NEW YORK CITY.



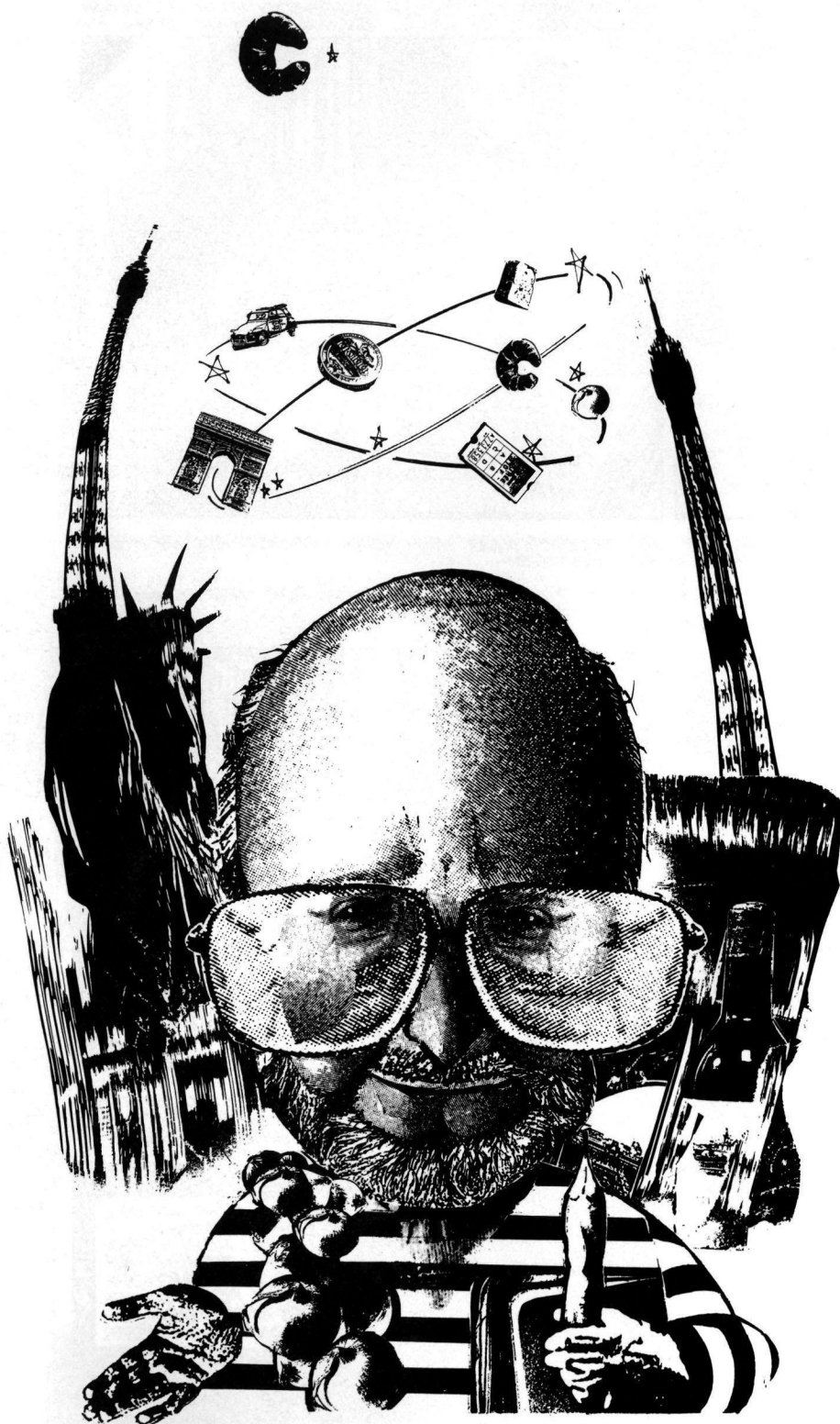
HE SPENT THE NEXT EIGHT-AND-A-HALF INTERMINABLE HOURS BUCKLED INTO A CRAMPED AIRPLANE SEAT IN AGONY--BLEEDING INTERNALLY AS HE CONTINUED TO VOMIT BLOOD.



TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER LANDING AT IDLEWILD, LYING IN HIS ROOM AT THE ALVIN HOTEL, HIS MOUTH FORMING A SAXOPHONE EMBOUCHURE, HE DIED.



END



*'Left to my own devices, I'd starve to death.' If you've ever felt totally lost and bewildered in Paris, unable to even order a coffee, you'll sympathise with the frustrated hero of Jules Feiffer's new screenplay, when he yells, 'I want to go home!'. And that's the title of the latest film by acclaimed French director Alain Resnais. He drafted in New York humorist Feiffer to Paris to analyse that 'special relationship' between the Americans and the French. In a quiet brasserie, Feiffer sips café crème at the zinc and talks with Paul Gravett.*

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL FLINT

I'd met Alain Resnais a number of times through mutual friends in New York. We'd always talk about working together. Then about two years ago, he visited me and said he had the financing to do a film in English and French. He's happier shooting in France and asked would I mind writing a film in English that could be shot in Paris. The French speak French when they speak to each other, all the French are bi-lingual. Only one of the Americans is, more or less. Joey, the cartoonist, doesn't speak a word. He hates France and doesn't want to be there! That's why the film's called *I Want To Go Home!* There's actually nothing he likes about travelling, the French, any of it.

How much of this is autobiographical?

Oh, he's not at all the sort of cartoonist I am. He goes back to the strip cartoonists I grew up admiring, from the Thirties and Forties. It's not based on anybody specific, but a generic cartoonist type named Joe E. Wellman from the mid-West, Cleveland, Ohio. Joey does this animal strip that was once very popular but today is only in a few papers. So it's pretty much disappeared, and he's over seventy and his working life is coming to an end. He's invited to Paris for this international exhibition, only because they couldn't get Gary Trudeau or Al Capp – or me, or anybody else! He goes, not because he's interested in the show, but because he has an estranged daughter whom he hasn't seen in two years. She's gone to Paris to study Flaubert. She's ashamed of her father's profession and considers him a vulgarian. She is an embryonic Frenchwoman and intellectual. She is studying Flaubert with this brilliant professor, played by Gérard Depardieu, who turns out to be an authority on the American comic strip and a great fan of her father. So that's the premise of the film.

Joey is played by Adolph Green. Didn't he write 'Singin' In The Rain'?

Right, he and Betty Compden are responsible for what we think of as the Golden Age of MGM musicals – *On the Town*, *Band Wagon*. He's a friend of mine but he would never have occurred to me for the part. What's funny about this is that at the outline stage, it was Resnais' idea to have Adolph and it was my idea to have Depardieu. So I cast the French and he cast the Americans!

This is your first time with a European director. How have you found working on a French production after your experiences in Hollywood?

Well, for one thing, the film got made! My experience with American films is that most screenplays are very well paid for, and then never get made. Particularly if the quality is good. The better the film, the less chance it has of ever being filmed. I know the French themselves complain that the quality is going down too, but still there's a better chance there, though it's tough all over. In my case, dealing with Resnais and his colleagues was one of the most pleasant working experiences I've had in films, certainly more pleasurable than working with Alan Arkin on *Little Murders* or Robert Altman on *Popeye*.

How closely has Resnais followed your script? On *Popeye*, wasn't there something of a struggle between your story and Altman's own ideas.

Yes, but I went into that film, understanding that was

# An American In Paris

going to happen. Resnais has shot my vision of the film, not just my script but everything I felt about it. Since I wasn't there for the shooting, he didn't want me there, I was amazed, when I saw a rough cut, at how close it comes to my own perceptions.

You've cartooned Joey's 'HeppCatt' character. Does he appear in the film?

Yes, Resnais asked me to do six dailies and a Sunday page. So I wrote them and drew them, but they barely show up in the film — they're incidental. But HeppCatt appears throughout the film in limited animated form as Joey's conscience.

Like Jiminy Cricket?

That's right. Resnais wanted the cartoon characters in there somehow. We intended much fuller animation but then *Roger Rabbit* came out and he realised that there was no way of competing with their time, money and brilliance. It seems to me that is the ultimate. He was wary of anyone drawing any comparisons, so he's moved in a different direction.

I take it that Joey's attitudes to Paris and the French don't coincide with your own.

Oh no, I have a wonderful time. I've made four or five trips there in the making of the film. One of the prerequisites for writing this was to spend some time in Paris and meet with people, both Americans and French. Since the film is about the relationship between this American and some French, I wanted it to be accurate in terms of French attitudes. I got notes and tips about the French from a number of friends there: a teacher who is French, she has lived and taught in America, so that she knows the characteristics of both cultures; an American journalist and novelist living in Paris; and others.

What insights about the French did you pick up?

Some will seem immediately apparent, though they weren't so apparent to me. French intellectuals need to always be on top of everything and to be absolutely certain about all things. At dinner parties, Americans will talk about games and sports and almost never books, while the French will argue about books and what they've been reading. I had lunch one day with the screenwriter Jean-Claude Carrier, who mentioned to me that the only time he runs into Resnais, who he wrote a film for, was on the Metro. And then they'd sit together and each one would check out the book the other is reading. And I said there are two things wrong with that story, from an American point of view: first of all, where's the limo? What are you doing on the metro?! And the other is that for a director to be reading a book may be excusable — he may be looking for material. But no American screenwriter reads! They'd talk about agents, deals, properties, and they'd talk about how they got screwed! I'll tell you another difference between American and French film-making. Through some kind of influence I got my older daughter Katie a job on the movie as Adolph Green's 'Girl Friday'. When Resnais or anyone called me from Paris, the first five

minutes would be them volunteering to me how wonderful Katie was, and then they'd get on to what they needed from me. Now if this was an American production, the director wouldn't remember that my daughter was on the film, he certainly wouldn't know her name, and if I asked him in the middle of the conversation how she was doing, there would be a long pause and he'd fake it.

Have you ever thought about directing your own film?

The French BD artist Bilal, who's worked with Resnais on two films, has just directed his first film, *Bunker Palace Hotel*.

I don't know his work, but there are any number of American cartoonists who could do this. I've always thought that Harvey Kurtzman should have gone into film directing — he would have been wonderful. As for me, I don't have that organisational sense and my primary interest is not in the visual, even though I am a cartoonist, but in the language. I've learned to think in visual terms, working on screenplays, but it was a stretch for me.

So how well do you know Paris now?

Not very well. I'm nothing beyond a tourist and I don't speak a word of French. The more I'm in Paris, the less French and English I speak, I get very confused. In that way, there are aspects of Joey in me. My problem is that whenever I go into a foreign country that's not Britain, I'm reduced to infancy because I can't cope for myself! Left to my own devices, I'd starve to death. However hard I try with the language book, they look at me with absolute consternation, they don't know what the hell I'm saying! So I finally stop trying to say anything. One of the things I find amazing is that Depardieu doesn't speak a word of English, but most of his part is in English, so he had to learn how to say everything phonetically. And what astonished me was how perfectly that came off, you'd never guess. You actually think he knows what he's saying!

After its premiere at Cannes, *I Want To Go Home* opens in Paris on September 27th and in the US & UK soon after.

## HEPPCATT



ADOLPH GREEN PLAYS OVER-THE-HILL. CARTOONIST JOEY WELLMAN



JOEY JOINS GÉRARD DEPARDIEU IN HIS STUDY



DEPARDIEU PLAYS A LITERARY PROFESSOR WHO IS ALSO AN AUTHORITY ON COMIC STRIPS



JOEY CAUGHT WITH HIS MISTRESS PLAYED BY LINDA LAVIN

1.

BUT AFFECTIONATE

# A SLIGHTLY SKEWED WALKING TOUR OF

PARIS

THE CITY OF LIGHTS

TO THE UNINITIATED, PARIS APPEARS TO BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY IN THE WORLD. BUT TO FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF - ASK ANY PARISIENNE. THEN TELL HIM: "EXCUSE ME, BUT I BEG TO DIFFER. I HAPPEN TO FEEL THAT MIAMI IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVEN PARIS." - AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS. THE RESULTING FACIAL WOUNDS YOU RECEIVE WILL LEND A DEEPER RESONANCE TO THE TERM: **UGLY AMERICAN...**

ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS YOU WILL NOTICE AS YOU WALK ALONG, IS THAT THE PIGEONS MAKE THOSE FUNNY LITTLE NOISES IN PERFECT FRENCH... BUT THE REACTION THE WORLD OVER TO BEING THE TARGET OF A FRESH LOAD OF PIGEON EXCREMENT IS THE SAME: **MY! HOW DREAFFUL!**

A WORKING KNOWLEDGE OF THE LANGUAGE WILL PROVE IN VALUABLE WHEN DINING. MANY A NOVICE HAS MISTAKENLY ORDERED SUCH DELICACIES AS "SHAVED CATS IN AUTO TRANSMISSION FLUID" AND "SCAR TISSUE WITH WHITE CREAM SAUCE"...

RESTAURANT OWNERS LIKE TO TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THOSE PATRONS WHOVE ORDERED THESE ITEMS, FOR PUBLIC RIDICULE, SO LOOK YOUR BEST.

LE WARBLE

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DO THEY PRACTICE THIS MOVEMENT TO GET IT JUST RIGHT, OR WHAT?

AND THE WOMEN -!

QUELLE BEAUTIES -!

QUELLE FASHIONS!

AN INCREDIBLE DISPLAY OF THE ULTIMATE IN WOMEN'S AND MEN'S APPAREL - FOR DAY AND EVENING WEAR - FORMAL AND CASUAL - YOU NAME IT!

- BUT NO SOCKS.

OH.

THERE IS NO CRIME IN PARIS. PERIOD.

REALLY.

LE COO

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© 1988 SIENKIEWICZ



THE ART MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES OF PARIS ARE SOME OF THE MOST BREATHTAKING IN THE ENTIRE WORLD.

ELVIS ON PLAIN VELVET?

NO CULTURAL WASTELAND HERE, NO SIR! VISITING AMERICANS CAN FIND DELIGHT IN HOURS AND HOURS OF JERRY LEWIS'S FINEST MOVIES... SOME ACTUALLY IN ENGLISH - NO, THERE'S NO END TO THE JOY!

BUT... LET'S NOT DILLY-DALLY.



MOST DOGS LOOK AND ACT NORMALLY, BUT - THERE ARE... ER... EXCEPTIONS!

de YAP YAP YAP

ATTEMPTS ARE BEING MADE TO OUTLAW THIS TYPE OF CRUELTY... SO FAR WITH LITTLE SUCCESS..



- BUT CATS..

WELL...

CATS ARE THE SAME EVERYWHERE...

MERDE.

LE SPIT!

LE HISS

LE HISS

LE HISS

LE HISS

LE HISS

LE HISS

LE HISS

LE HISS



AND MOST EVERYONE SEEMS VERY FRIENDLY AND EAGER TO HELP...

YO, MAMA... DOVE IST EIN AUTO TRANSMISSION FLUID A MANGER?

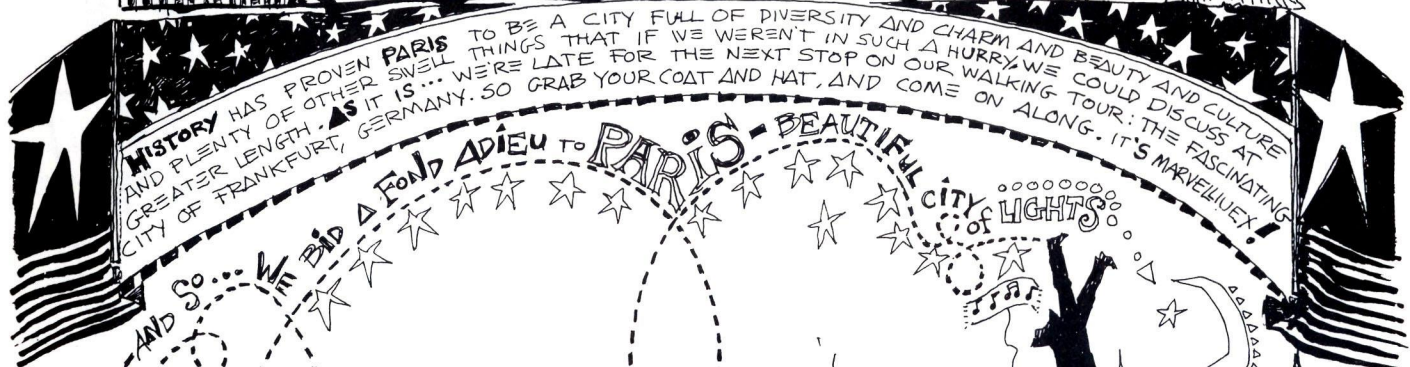
LE SHAVED CHATS?

CAPICE?

- OUI? NO?

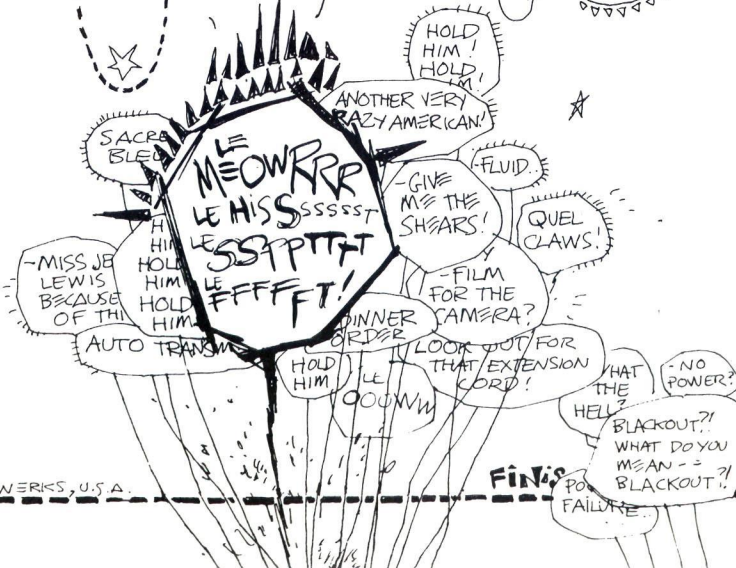
MAYBE?

- PROVIDED THAT YOU MAKE AN HONEST EFFORT TO SPEAK IN FRENCH.



HISTORY HAS PROVEN PARIS TO BE A CITY FULL OF DIVERSITY AND CHARM AND BEAUTY AND CULTURE AND PLenty OF OTHER SWELL THINGS THAT IF WE WEREN'T IN SUCH A HURRY, WE COULD DISCUSS AT GREATER LENGTH. AS IT IS... WE'RE LATE FOR THE NEXT STOP ON OUR WALKING TOUR: THE FASCINATING CITY OF FRANKFURT, GERMANY. SO GRAB YOUR COAT AND HAT, AND COME ON ALONG. IT'S MARVELLEUX!

AND SO... IN BID A FOND ADIEU TO PARIS - BEAUTIFUL CITY OF LIGHTS!



SACRA BLEU

LE MEOWRR  
LE HISSSSSSST  
LE SSPPTTT  
LE FFFFFT!

HOLD HIM!  
HOLD HIM!

ANOTHER VERY RAZZY AMERICAN!

- GIVE ME THE SHEARS!

- FLUID.

QUEL CLAWS.

- FILM FOR THE CAMERA?

DINNER BRIDE

LOOK OUT FOR THAT EXTENSION CORD!

HOLD HIM!

LE OOWWW

WHAT THE HELL?

- NO POWER?

BLACKOUT?!  
WHAT DO YOU MEAN - BLACKOUT?!  
BLACKOUT?!  
PO FAILURE

# WHO KNOWS ABOUT

## WICKED!

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Mark Rodgers and Steve Gibson

#### ANGER

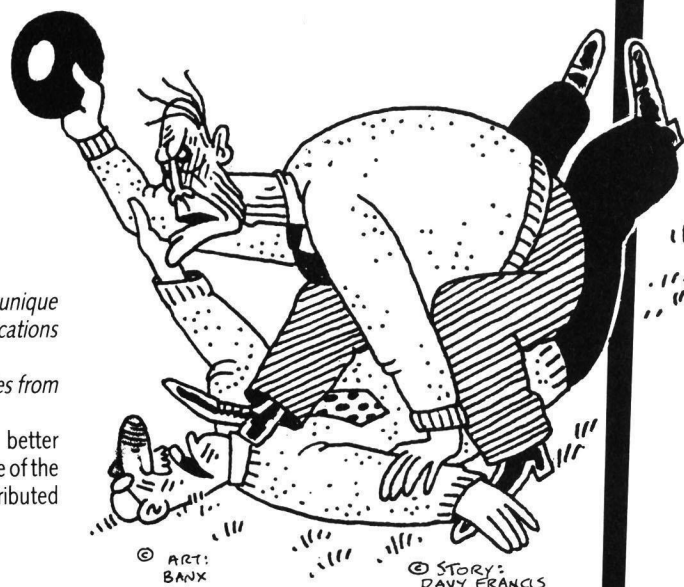
Davy Francis and Jeremy Banks

#### LUST

Alan Moore and Mike Matthews

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# ARTICLES



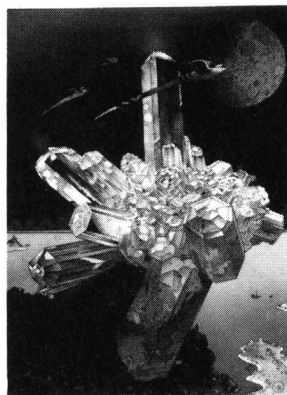
Amid all the ballyhoo over the new 'Batman' movie, opening in the UK on August 11th, credit should really go to the artist who first dreamt him up fifty years ago, Bob Kane. In an attempt to set conflicting records straight, bashful Bob in his autobiography traces the Dark Knight's origins back to Leonardo Da Vinci's sketches for the first flying machine. Da Vinci had noted, 'Remember that your bird should have no other model than the bat!' That advice stuck with the impressionable teenaged Bobby, as did both 'The Phantom' newspaper strip and the 1930 film 'The Bat Whispers', based on Mary Roberts Rinehart's stage thriller. Toss in his dual identity inspired by Zorro and The Shadow, and The Batman was born. As project consultant for Warner's mega-bucks movie, Bob Kane wrote 'the bible' for director Tim Burton and writer Sam Hamm, with design input on costumes, sets and vehicles. And a bit like Hitchcock, he was given a cameo role; appropriately, he plays Bob the newsroom cartoonist. I have one line in the film: "Knox, come over here. There's something I want to show you." And I show him a drawing I've done — it's a bat with a suit on!"

Bob Kane's autobiography, *Batman And Me*, will be out by this Christmas. For information, send your name and address to: Tom Andrae, 2605 Virginia St, Berkeley, CA 94709, USA.

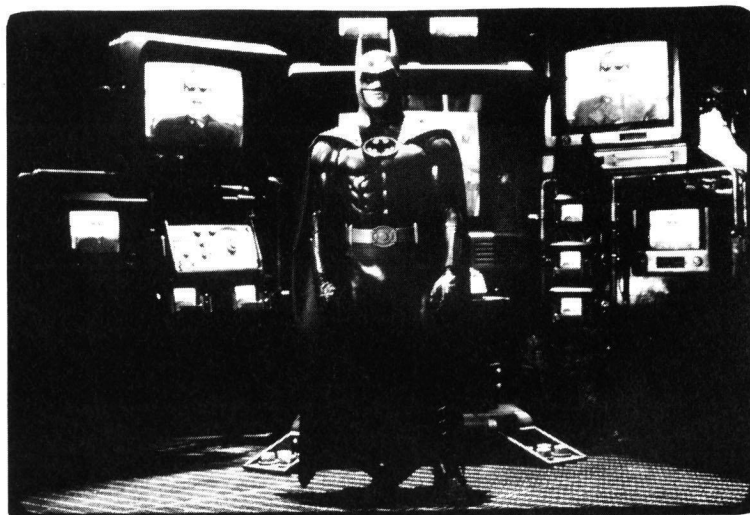
EDITED BY LOUISE TUCKER



Tintin's very first assignment in 1929 sent him to the Soviet Union, to expose the 'truth' behind the Bolshevik Revolution. The young Hergé was commissioned to create a weekly *Tintin* strip for *Le Vingtième Siècle* newspaper by its extreme right wing editor Abbot Wallez. Hergé recalled, 'He would have had a Bolshevik for breakfast any day of the week.' Not surprisingly, *Tintin in the Land of the Soviets* naively echoed the paper's strident anti-Communist stance, and, largely because of this, the album has remained untranslated into English. Only now, as part of Tintin's Sixtieth Anniversary this year, can we finally get to read this simplistic but fascinating first album in English from Sundancer at £8.95. Their beautiful facsimile edition is being launched at *Tintin — Sixty Years Of Adventure*, the largest selection ever displayed here of Hergé's original art, over 250 pieces, at The Chelsea Town Hall on the King's Road, London from August 10th to 27th. After that, the exhibit travels to Budapest, where it will promote Tintin's adventures, published for the first time — in Hungarian!



From July 6th 1989 to January 15th 1990, the British Museum's Geology exhibit *Crystals: Form and Function* features a vast collection of crystals, including twenty giant formations from Brazil, designed to show the connections between man and mineral. As well as quotes from famous authors and jewellery by European designers, there will be sixty original artworks on display by top French artist Moebius. Now a New Age Californian, Moebius explains, 'When I draw stones, rocks, crystals, I experience a very special feeling. It is like watching a flower unfold. It is nature unbound.'



A RUBBERY MICHAEL KEATON LOOKS MEAN AND MERCHANDISABLE FOR THE MASSES

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# POINT-BLANK

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# ON

Crumb, Wilson, Moscoso, Griffin, Spain, Shelton, Williams, founding fathers of Zap Comix, were reunited in New York on June 7th for the launch of a new issue, *Zap 12*. See all their originals on show till August 7th at the Psychedelic Solution Gallery on the second floor at 33 West Eighth Street.

*Brought To Light*, the graphic docu-drama, is now a play, to premiere on June 23rd & 24th on Alan Moore's home turf of Northampton, then touring from July 1st at the Prema Centre, Uley, Near Gloucester. For future dates, ring director Eric Jarvis on: 01-735 1669.

SCAM (Strip Cartoons & Associated Media) promises a whirlwind weekend to round off this year's Coventry Festival on August 12th & 13th. Dozens of UK guests will be attending, as well as Dave Cerebus Sim from Canada. You can see stage versions of *Violent Cases* and *Brought To Light*, the political comics exhibit *Stripped Of Illusion*, a show of Dave McKean originals, the Mekon Awards ceremony and more. Be there.

Popular Mexican lithographer and engraver José Posada (1852-1913) turned out an estimated 20,000 ephemeral prints in his lifetime, the most startling being his *calaveras*, perverse skeletal satires designed to celebrate the Day of the Dead. His first UK exhibition, *Posada: Messenger of Mortality*, runs from July 9th to September 3rd at the Camden Arts Centre, London, followed by a national tour.



'Bubble bubble, toil and trouble, Output halve, inflation double, Sliver of Nye Bevan's tongue, Blackened shred of miner's lung ...' Steve Bell's cut-out model theatre comes complete with cardboard Conservatives and a four Act re-write of Shakespeare's *Magbeth* by Laurence Marks & Maurice Gran, best known for barbed TV comedy *The New Statesman*. Available for £4.95 post paid direct from *The Guardian*.

Her colouring was so perfect that Lucille Ball was dubbed 'Technicolour Tessie' and she glowed with varying degrees of brightness through seventy-three films for RKO, MGM, Paramount and Warners before *The Fuller Brush Girl*, a screwball comedy that inspired her and her husband, Desi Arnaz Jr, to take a desperate flyer on an idea for a half-hour television series. Along the way they not only invented live audience sitcoms as we know them today, but also the prototype which has never been bettered — the famous 'I Love Lucy'. Its slapstick formula, with a grim, embattled Lucy submerged under a tide of misfortunes, embarrassing accidents and misunderstandings while trying to hold her husband's interest in all sorts of mad ways took the show to the top of the ratings and kept it there all over the world for ten years. Her personal life seemed to be one tragedy after another, but she was never less than 100% on screen and her complex, daffy, abrasive, contradictory, tough and yet likeable personality endeared her to millions. Lucille Ball, comic genius, died in April aged 77 ... But Lucy Ricardo will continue to be loved as long as television lasts. — Trevis Phoenix

The poseable Lucy doll is one of whole range available in the States for around \$30.00. Channel 4 start showing *I Love Lucy* on Tuesdays from August 1st.

PHOTO: GRAHAM BUSH



# ARTICLES









**WINSOR  
McCAY**

**THE MOST IMPORTANT  
EVENT IN COMICS REPRINT  
HISTORY**

# **LITTLE NEMO IN SLUMBERLAND**

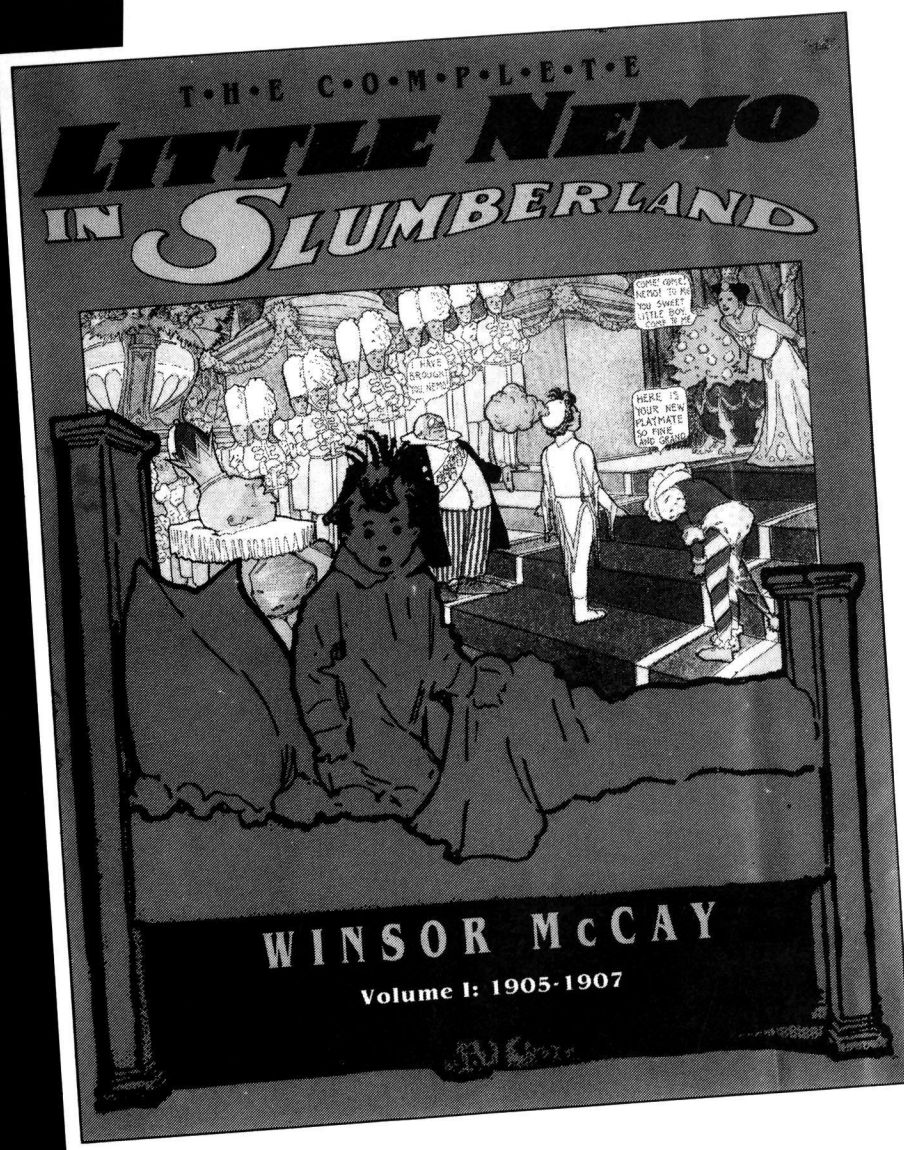
The adventures of **LITTLE NEMO**, a five year old boy, in **Slumberland** delighted millions of newspaper readers between 1905 and 1920 with full page, full colour strips portraying Nemo's dream world in magically surreal fashion.

Winsor McCay's work has formed the foundation of modern fantasy and the comic strip genre. His output was phenomenal and his imagination without bounds.

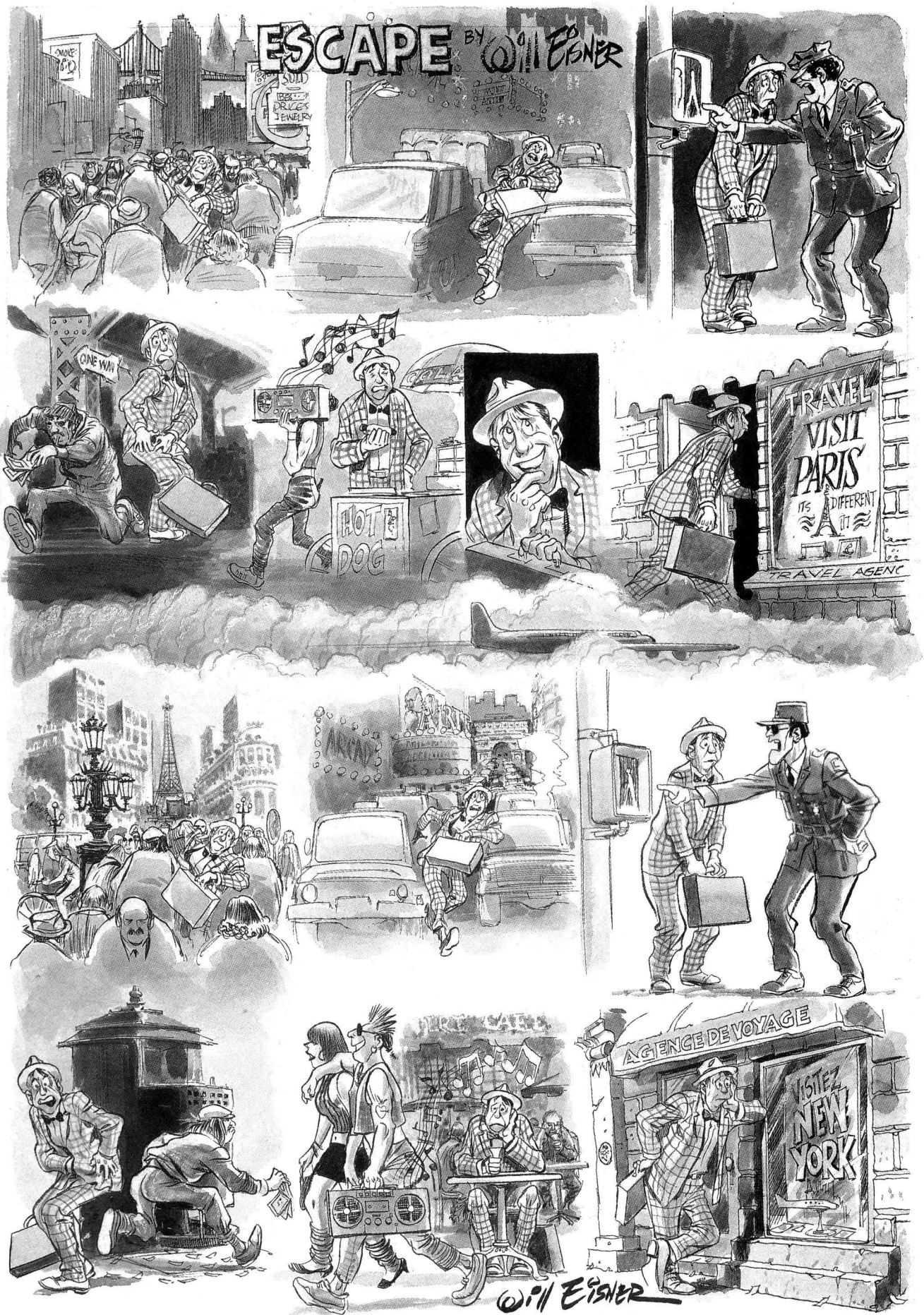
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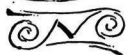
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# Szukalski



**KATYN OR GODEAGLE AND THE PREDATOR (1979) SYMBOLISES THE MASSACRE OF THE POLISH ELITE BY THE "MOSCOWIAN MAN-APES"**



*Szukalski who the Hell is Szukalski? Stanislaw Szukalski, once acclaimed as 'Poland's greatest living artist', ended his years exiled in Los Angeles in total obscurity. Despite this ignominy, nothing could shake his fierce self-confidence in his revolutionary, even heretical art and ideas. Savage Pencil appraises this neglected genius.*

first of their Szukalski books entitled *Troughful of Pearls*. It almost immediately sold out and is now a treasured collectors' item. They followed it up with yet another selection, with commentary by Bray, entitled *Inner Portraits*. This too sold out soon after publication. *Behold!!! The Protong* is in fact the second edition of *Troughful of Pearls* and reprints, with loving care, a selection from some of the forty thousand drawings that Szukalski drew to illustrate his theory of Zermatism.

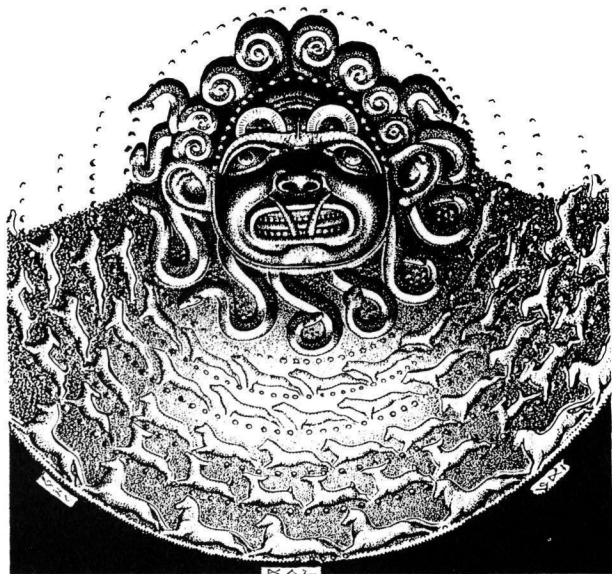
To casually flip through this book is to enter another world. To actually become absorbed in both its text and visual imagery is to enter another dimension. From the Abominable Snowman to women with tails, from Winston Churchill to Charles Manson... anything can, and does, happen within the pages of *Protong*. The nearest possible comparison I can think of to Szukalski's vision is Seventies rock band Devo and their theory of de-evolution. 'Are we not men?', they would ask their audience of spuds; 'We are Devo!', came back the reply. At the time, Devo claimed to be influenced by *Island of Lost Souls*, the film adaptation of H.G. Wells' story *The Island of Dr. Moreau*; but perhaps it was Szukalski's teachings they were really preaching.

Stanislaw Szukalski died of a stroke in Los Angeles on June 17th, 1987. His ashes were scattered over a year later on Easter Island under the respectful gaze of his friends and the island's giant stone heads. He was still thousands of miles away from Poland, but, at last, Szukalski had finally come home.

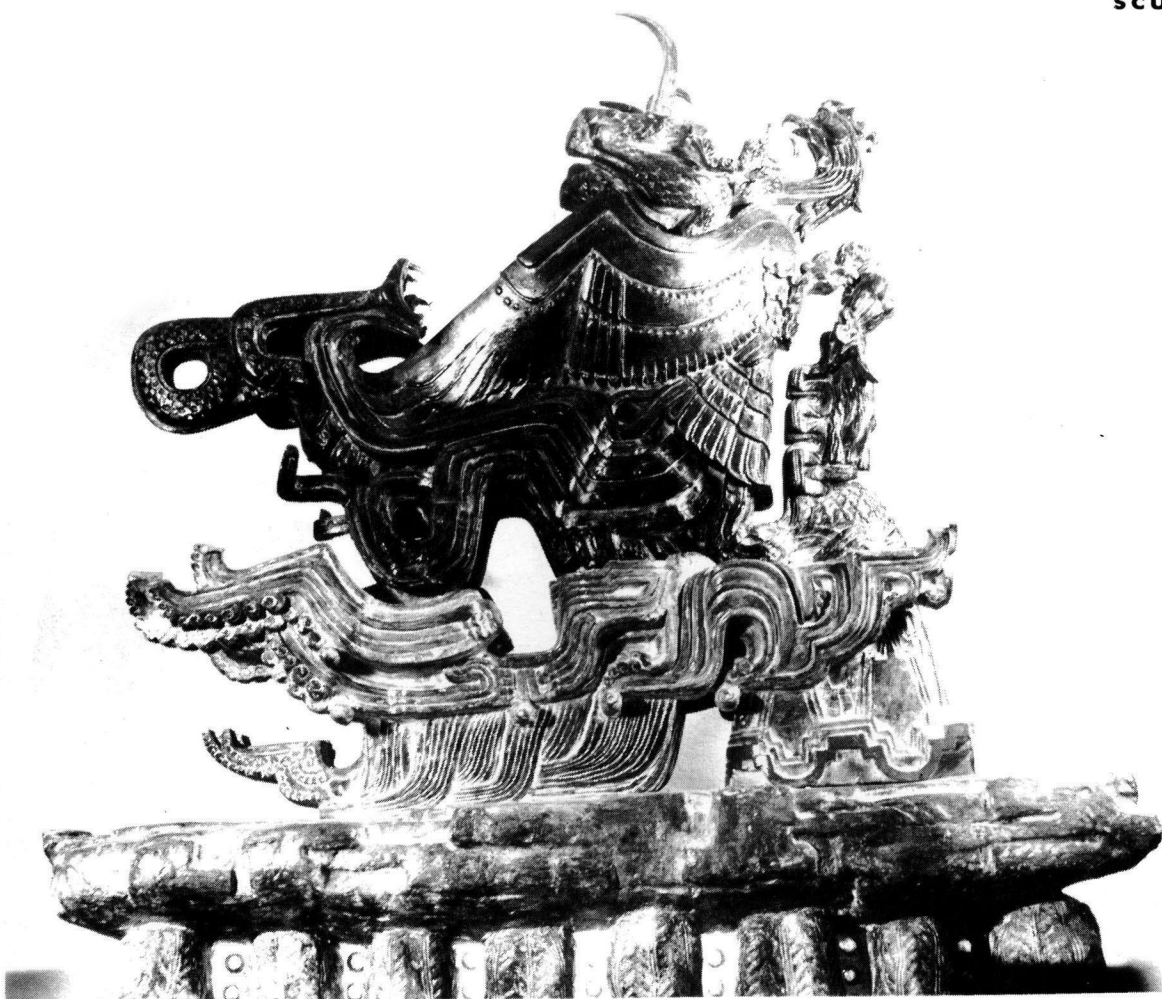
**A**S RAY ZONE CLEARLY POINTS OUT in his flyleaf introduction to *Behold!!! The Protong*, 'There was only one Szukalski and we will never see his likes again.' It's the kind of super-hype statement that most unknown artists find carved on their last resting place in print. Szukalski! Who the hell is Szukalski? It's only by turning the pages of this astonishing book (a mere glimpse at Szukalski's fantastic world) that the full implication of Ray Zone's praise rings loud and clear. He is not kidding... there never will be another Szukalski!

Szukalski was a Polish-born artist and thinker who despised art critics but loved his mother country with the fanaticism of a true patriot. In 1934 the then Government of Poland declared him 'Poland's Greatest Living Artist' and 'built' the Szukalski National Museum in Warsaw to house his works as a permanent monument to his creative genius. Unfortunately, World War Two broke out soon after its completion and the Museum fell victim to the first Luftwaffe bombing raid on the capital. Szukalski fled to the United States to live out his days as an exile; he would never return to Poland again. To ease his sorrows, Szukalski plunged himself even deeper into his work and theories, becoming engrossed in pre-Colombian artforms and man's evolution from ape to super-ape. His complicated, yet totally fascinating, ideas were described by him as Zermatism, a self-discovered science which fills thirty-nine volumes and explains in detail our common global anthropological ties. He was also convinced that, despite our different civilisations, there was one language which we all shared. This he called Protong.

Szukalski was in danger of becoming an ignored artist towards his death in 1987. While he and his art shared obscurity, gallery owners were happily paying millions to some graffiti artist with a spray can. Something just wasn't quite right, the art world had seemingly gone completely crazy and Szukalski's deep distrust of the critic was now only made worse. Enter Glenn Bray and Lena Zwolve, two graphic art connoisseurs who could see in Szukalski's work a vision that the big-money galleries were blind to. Szukalski trusted his new-found benefactors to the extent that he allowed them to publish a small sample of his work and ideas for the world. In 1980, Bray and Zwolve published the



**A BRONZE SHIELD OF MEDUSA, OR 'DELUGED MOTHER OF THE GOD OF DAWN, EASTER ISLAND. IN PROTONG MEDUSA MEANS "ME CHOKES", i.e. WITH EMOTION.'**

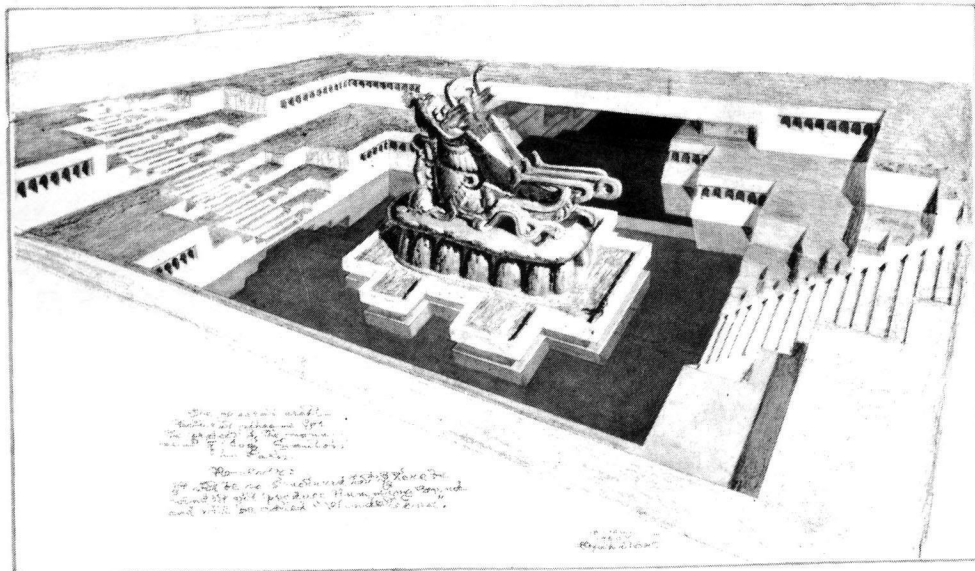


In his later years, one of Szukalski's main projects was to erect a massive monument to the 'Spirit of the French' in the heart of Paris. This structure was intended as a gift to the French nation by the American nation, to reciprocate for the Statue of Liberty. For its centrepiece, *Le Coq Gaulois*, Szukalski symbolised France's struggle and triumph in a sculpture of three serpents, poised to strike a peasant girl, who is saved by a huge cockerel, 'the totemic coat of arms of the people of Gaul'. Writer and illustrator Jim Woodring recalls when Szukalski first showed him the scale model of it: 'He indicated a weary and anguished woman being ravaged by a roiling mass of stylized and inscribed tentacles and said, "That is the woman who symbolises France. She is being crushed and ensnared by all the '-isms' of modern Europe. There is Fascism, and there is Communism ... and there is Ventriloquism." He had even planned its site and financing. It would have been magnificently installed in the Place de Pervis, in front of Notre Dame Cathedral, and when the wind blew through it, would produce a humming sound like an aeolian harp. To pay the hefty bill, every young child would donate a dime, every

high-school kid a quarter, every college student a dollar, drumming up millions of dollars and making it truly a gift from the whole of America's youth. Sadly, what could have formed a spectacular focal point to this year's *Bicentenaire* extravaganza, exists only as working models and detailed roughs. But this visionary dream, unrealised within Szukalski's lifetime, awaits a more enlightened age. *Behold!!! The Protang*, a large format 96 page volume, costs \$19.95 plus \$5 postage (\$2 in the US) from: Archives Szukalski, PO Box 923308, Sylmar, CA 91392, USA. Imported copies are available for £16.50 (or £17.95 by post) from: Compendium Bookshop, 234 Camden High Street, London NW1. This June in Los Angeles, La Luz de Jesus Gallery mounted Szukalski's first ever public exhibition in the US, *Wait! My Heart Still Beats!* Over twenty-five limited edition bronze sculptures were offered for sale – write to the Archives for details and catalogue.

Also recommended is Jim Woodring's insightful appreciation in the Fall '88 issue of *Whole Earth Review*, available from: 27 Gate Five Road, Sausalito, CA 94965, USA.

Paul Gravett





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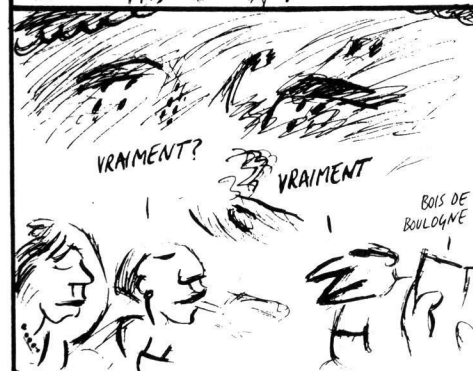
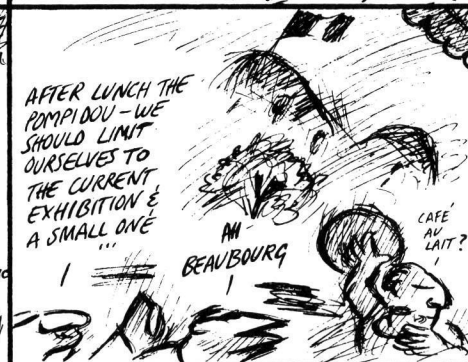
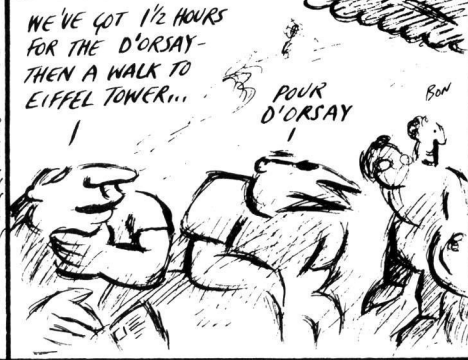
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Sur Seine

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END



ILLUSTRATED BY CHRIS LONG

LEFT: TAN CRUMPLED TOP HAT WITH CREAM FASTENING SCARF, RUST-COLOURED  
TAIL COAT, STONE COLOUR TROUSERS WITH STIRRUPS, DARK BROWN BOOTS,  
BLACK GLOVES. RIGHT: DARK CLOCHE HAT WITH LIME GREEN BALACLAVA WITH  
PONY TAIL BENEATH, BLACK PVC SKIRT WITH FLUORESCENT MULTI-STRIPED FUN FUR  
TRIM TO HEM, KHAKI LEATHER ANKLE BOOTS, BLACK GLOVES



LEFT: TIROLEAN STYLE BRACES WITH STRAP ACROSS CHEST, DESIGNER JEWELLERY  
SCISSOR NECKLET, MANDARIN COLLARED LONG SLEEVE SHIRT IN BLACK PVC, DARK  
TROUSERS WITH STIRRUPS, BLACK BOWLER. RIGHT: CHECK THREE QUARTER LENGTH  
JACKET WITH SELF-COVERED BUTTONS, STRIPED SCARF, CHECK SHIRT, KNITTED  
WAISTCOAT, LIGHT TROUSERS WITH STIRRUPS, OFF WHITE SHOES, MATT SEAMED  
BOWLER, LIGHT GLOVES



LEFT: CHIN GUARD HEADGEAR WITH SLEEP MASK ON FOREHEAD, LIGHT MULTI-ZIPPERED BONDAGE SUIT WITH DARK GAUZE BODY STOCKING BENEATH, DARK HIGH-HEELED SHOES WITH ANKLE STRAP, BLACK BOX BAG, BLACK GLOVES TO MATCH BODY STOCKING. RIGHT: COUNTRY STYLE JACKET WITH FUR SHAWL COLLAR, DRAW STRING TROUSERS, SHINY BLACK BOWLER HAT, BLACK GLOVES

GAULTIER MAINLINE IS AVAILABLE FROM BIZARRE AT HARVEY NICHOLS. JUNIOR GAULTIER IS AVAILABLE IN LONDON FROM THE NEW GAULTIER SHOP IN NEWBURG STREET, W1, ALSO FROM HARVEY NICHOLS' ZONE & BIZARRE, JONES IN FLORAL STREET AND KING'S ROAD, PLUS THE WAREHOUSE IN GLASGOW AND SQUARE IN BATH



# Comment Sabbah!

**From exotic Morocco, the effervescent Claude Sabbah brought 'High Tech Holy Joy' to the nightclubs of trendy Paris and now he's poised to make it in London too. It's all a long way from his home town of Casablanca — will he 'Play It Again, Sabbah?'**

**C**LAUDE SABBABH is a Moroccan-born Parisian performer who 'dresses like a parrot!' and can speak seven languages, including Hebrew and English, beautifully remixed thanks to his extravagant French accent. His debut single, 'Hard Times Need The Kiss Of Life' is a cult success in London and Paris clubs. But he's refreshingly modest about all this, as he flashes his warm, winning smile at me. 'I love to credit all my friends, my family and my inspirations, because really I'm nothing without them. I called the flipside 'Claude Sabbah' with humility, as it is a portrait of everyone who's influenced me.' He intends all his B-sides to be something different, perhaps a letter to the listener, or interviews he's done with people on the street.

He grew up in Casablanca, where his father worked as a butcher in the mornings and studied at university in the afternoons. 'I adore Jerry Lewis, I was

watching his movies in Morocco all the time. And Charlie Chaplin and Danny Kaye too. As for Moroccan music, to be honest there is only one I know, an old singer of the King, who did wonderful stuff in the Fifties and Sixties. His name was Salim Halali; he was one of the first to mix modern music with Arabian songs. He even did a version of 'My Yiddisher Momma' in Arabic — so gorgeous!

After moving with his family to Nice on the Côte d'Azur, he struck out for Paris in his early twenties. 'I had a lot of luck in Paris. I didn't have money for a while, but it's like making a garden out of a desert. I started by designing my own clothes and images. After, I did costumes and sets with a brilliant young actress named Miriam Mezières. Then I started my own music. My first break in music was with Jean-Paul Goude. He filmed me and, though it was never shown, he taught me a lot.' He wound up living with his friend, designer Gilles Rosier, whose top-floor apartment in Bastille looks out over the

rooftops, 'like the Piaf song'. Smoothly mixing into the city's nightlife, Claude performed at private parties and became a popular nightclub personality. He tips me off to his favourite Paris clubs: former Turkish baths *Les Bains Douches* with entertainer Claude Charles; *The Love Sexy*, inspired by Prince; jazz venue *New Morning*; and salsa palace *Le Balajo*, especially nights run by Albert, who has also helped revive the once-flagging spirits of the *Café de Paris* in London's Coventry Street.

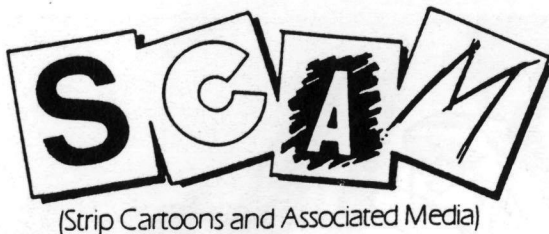
In fact, London is now another home for Claude, ever since he was invited here by Tony Mansfield to record his first single last year. Vivid I.D. and Thunderjockeys designed the sleeve, which, he confesses to me, 'was a tribute to Charlie Chaplin. He was a prophet. I'm thinking of using his speech from *The Great Dictator* on my next song.' And after seeing them at the Albert Hall, Claude would love to work with The Gypsy Kings. 'They are the purified soul of an unspoilt

society, energies that have never been credited before.' He's performed live at The Wag Club and on Channel 4's *The Last Resort*, where he won everyone's heart singing Piaf's 'Je Ne Regrette Rien'. 'It was a magical night. The audience was with me and understood me. What they like is a guy who says what he feels, loves life, wants to move, is crazy and sincere. I want to love the English, and, if I'm loved by them, it's wonderful.'

With 1992 fast approaching, I ask him whether he thinks we British are warming to our European neighbours. 'All the right people understand that, even Maggie will. She loves good wine, champagne, nice dresses — she can't resist! As a woman in government, she's playing the game and has to be harder. But I'm sure she would love to give herself away!'

*Hard Times Need The Kiss Of Life* is released on PRT Records, the single PYS21, and 12 inch PYT 21.

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- ◇ Theatre A Bismarck-Herring adaptation of Alan Moore and Bill Sienkewicz's graphic representation of the Iran/Contra affair: 'Brought To Light'.
- ◇ Music You'll believe a superhero can sing! Is the world ready for 'X-Men™: The Rock Opera'? Maybe not... but they're working on it!
- ◇ Politics 'Stripped of Illusion': an exhibition of drawings by Leo Baxendale, Steve Bell, Pat Mills, Alan Moore, Bryan Talbot and Oscar Zarate.
- ◇ AIDS An auction of original comic art on behalf of the Frontliners appeal, generously donated by famous comic artists.
- ◇ Censorship Talks and panels leading up to a major debate involving those at the cutting edge of the comics business... and those who might prefer it a little blunter.
- ◇ Art A display of comic art especially created for the festival by the Society of Strip Illustrators, as well as an exhibition by Virago Publishing and award-winning artist Dave McKean.
- ◇ Plus Trade stands, signings, workshops, all-night film show, videos, licensed bar, computer games/graphics displays, roleplaying...

Any or all of the above events are subject to change.

## GUESTS (confirmed)

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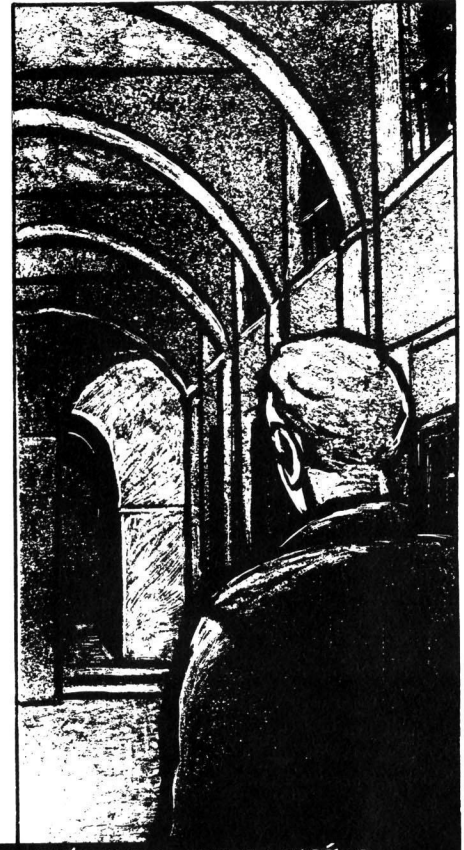
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SO NOW YOU'VE GOT TWO HOURS TO KILL BEFORE YOUR RENDEZVOUS. YOU DON'T WANT TO WAIT IN A CAFÉ OR CINEMA - ANYWAY, YOU'D MISS THE END OF THE FILM. NO, YOU'LL GO FOR A WALK, THINK OVER THE DECISION YOU'VE MADE, CONVINCE YOURSELF IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO.



YOU TURN LEFT INTO THE RUE FÉROU, YOU GLANCE AT A FEW PAINTINGS IN THE GALLERY WINDOWS. YOU KNOW THESE PAINTINGS AND YOU HATE THEM. THERE'S SOMETHING MISSING, OR RATHER, WORN OUT ABOUT THEM, WHICH UPSETS YOU, AS IF THE SUNLIGHT HAD FADED THEIR COLOURS... SOMETHING SUBTLE THAT PERHAPS ONLY YOU HAVE NOTICED. THEN YOU LOOK AWAY, QUICKLY CROSS THE ROAD AND TAKE TWO LEFT TURNS.



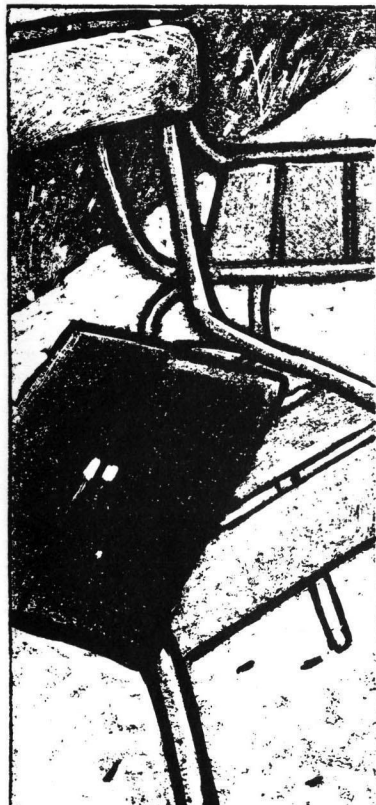
SOON YOU SEE THE ENTRANCE TO THE JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG AND DECIDE TO WAIT THERE UNTIL IT'S TIME. FOR A WHILE, YOU STROLL AROUND LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO SIT. YOU PREFER THE LIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GARDEN TO THE SHADY PATHS UNDER THE TREES. IT'S ALMOST DESERTED: A FINE DRIZZLE HAS BEEN FALLING SINCE THIS MORNING, DRIVING THE TOURISTS TO THE MUSEUMS.



GOOD THING TOO, YOU CAN THINK IN PEACE, AS YOU SIT OPPOSITE THE FOUNTAIN. ON YOUR LEFT, THE CLOCK ON THE FRONT OF THE PALACE SAYS 2.15 PM. YOUR GAZE LINGERS ON THE RESTFUL IMAGE OF THE HELPLESS JET OF WATER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOUNTAIN, BLOWN BY THE WIND. YOU PULL UP THE COLLAR OF YOUR OVERCOAT. THREE PIGEONS GATHER, DARTING AT YOUR FEET. DARING ONE MOMENT, HESITANT THE NEXT... YOU HATE PIGEONS. PERHAPS IT'S THE COLOUR OF THEIR FEATHERS; THEY SEEM TO HAVE PICKED IT UP BY RUBBING THEMSELVES ON THE ROOFS, WALLS, PAVEMENTS OF THIS CITY UNTIL THEY BECOME A GRIMY PALETTE, THE SO-CALLED "COLOUR OF PARIS."



2.19 pm. YOU TRY TO CONCENTRATE ON YOUR RENDEZVOUS, BUT THIS TIME A GAGGLE OF TOURISTS DISTURB YOU. YOU THINK BACK TO A SUMMER DAY IN THE JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG, THE REFRESHMENT STAND NEAR THE SUMMERHOUSE AND CLAIRE'S YELLOW DRESS. WHEN YOU COME OUT OF YOUR REVERIE, THE TOURISTS HAVE DISAPPEARED AND YOU SWEAR AT YOURSELF FOR BEING DISTRACTED.



2.25 pm. YOU DECIDE TO CONTINUE YOUR WALK AND YOU NOTICE A BLACK BRIEFCASE ON A CHAIR NEARBY. IT WASN'T THERE WHEN YOU ARRIVED - SOMEONE MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN IT. YOU CAN'T SEE ITS OWNER ANYWHERE SO YOU PICK IT UP AND DECIDE TO LOOK INSIDE, SOMEWHERE PEACEFUL WHERE NOONE WILL SEE... LIKE A THIEF COUNTING HIS SPOILS. YOU STILL HAVE TIME, SO YOU LEAVE THE GARDEN AND DIVE BENEATH THE DARK RED CANOPY OF THE NEAREST CAFE.



INSIDE, SITTING IN A CORNER, YOU SLIP THE PAPERS OUT OF YOUR BRIEFCASE ONE BY ONE, SAVOURING EACH NEW DISCOVERY. THE FIRST TWO ARE A BIT DISAPPOINTING, NOTHING INTIMATE TO SPIKE UP YOUR INDISCRETION: JUST THE VISITING CARD OF AN H. MONVERT AND A CATALOGUE OF AFRICAN SCULPTURE, WHICH YOU FLICK ALL THE WAY THROUGH ANYWAY. THE THIRD ITEM, AN OPENED LETTER, LOOKS MUCH MORE INTRIGUING. FIRST YOU READ THE ENVELOPE SEVERAL TIMES, BUT YOU HESITATE TO READ ITS CONTENTS UNTIL THE WAITER HAS BROUGHT YOU YOUR SECOND COFFEE. WHEN AT LAST HIS BACK IS TURNED, YOU TAKE OUT THE SHEET OF PAPER.



Gaspard, you must understand it's better we don't see each other any more and please don't come and visit me next month. I will never forget the wonderful moments I've spent with you, Gaspard. I am deeply sorry. Goodbye, Anna. P.S. Don't ring me again. POOR GASPARD. YOU WILL GIVE HIM BACK HIS BRIEFCASE. YOU FIND A PHONEBOX AND LOOK UP HIS NUMBER IN THE DIRECTORY: RAINER GASPARD, RUE ST. HONORE, 43, 4B, 22, 7B. NO REPLY. YOU CHECK AGAIN; THERE'S A SECOND NUMBER. THIS TIME IT'S POOR GASPARD HIMSELF WHO ANSWERS...



HIS VOICE IS GENTLE AND WARM: "WHERE ARE YOU? - I RUN AN AFRICAN ART GALLERY, BOULEVARD RASPAIL, RIGHT NEARBY. DO YOU WANT TO COME OVER? - I'M LEAVING FOR COLOGNE IN HALF AN HOUR. - THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU. I'LL BE WAITING."



THE AUCTION SALE ISN'T TILL TOMORROW.

COME ON, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO SOMEONE.

WHEN SHE FOUND OUT YOU'D GONE TO COLOGNE, CLAIRE STARTED SHOUTING DOWN THE PHONE, AS IF SHE WAS MAKING UP FOR THE DISTANCE THAT NOW SEPARATED YOU. WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN COLOGNE? YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOURSELF. YOU HAD FOLLOWED THIS MAN, GASPARD RAINER, WITH HIS CHARMING MANNER AND PERSUASIVE VOICE - AND NOW YOU REALISE HOW THOUGHTLESS YOU'D BEEN TO LEAVE... AND YOU, THINK ABOUT RETURNING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.



KARL, MEIN FREUND, WIE GEHT'S ?



GASPARD! WHEN DID YOU GET IN ?

JUST NOW.



LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO JACQUES BELLAGE, A FRIEND INTERESTED IN AFRICAN ART.

HOW DO YOU DO. YOU MUST COME FOR DINNER TONIGHT.



I'D LIKE TO KNOW THE TIME OF THE NEXT FLIGHT TO PARIS.. LE PROCHAIN AVION À PARIS, DO YOU UNDERSTAND ?



SO OUR GUEST FROM PARIS IS ALREADY THINKING OF LEAVING ?



OH, ANNA - LET ME INTRODUCE JACQUES BELLAGE.

JACQUES, ANNA, MY WIFE.



OH GASPARD, LOVELY TO SEE YOU AGAIN. ..

HELLO ANNA.



WITH THE INTRODUCTIONS OUT OF THE WAY, YOU FIND YOURSELF IN AN EMBARRASSING POSITION: GASPARD HAS MET ANNA AGAIN - AND YOU KNOW MORE ABOUT ANNA THAN YOU SHOULD. BUT THE SITUATION AMUSES YOU. OVER DINNER YOU WATCH ANNA IGNORING GASPARD, GASPARD BEGGING ANNA WITH HIS EYES AND KARL GULPING DOWN HIS SOUP.





IT'S 10.15 AM. YOU LIE BACK ON THE SOFA IN THE LIVING ROOM. THE RADIO SWITCHES FROM MOZART TO A CORDÉS VERSION OF "MISTY". THIS MORNING KARL AND GASPARD HAD GONE TO THE SALEROOM SO YOU HAD TAKEN THE OPPORTUNITY TO CALL CLAIRE. YOU'D HAD A TOUGH TIME PREVENTING HER COMING TO JOIN YOU AND YOU ASSURED HER YOU'D COME BACK ON THE 12.09 FLIGHT. YOUR AGENT HAD TELEPHONED YOU THREE TIMES... YOU OPEN ONE EYE AND NOTICE ANNA'S KNEE, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, HER TWO FINGERS TAPPING OUT THE BEAT ABSENT-MINDEDLY. "IT'S HANS DIETER," SHE SAYS; IT TAKES A MOMENT FOR YOU TO REALISE THAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT THE ANNOUNCER ON THE RADIO.

IT'S HANS DIETER, I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO HIS VOICE FOR YEARS, LIKE THIS. I'VE PICTURED HIS VOICE SO CLEARLY, THAT I WAS SURE I COULD RECOGNISE HIM IF I EVER SAW HIM IN THE STREET. ONE DAY I MET HIM AT A FRIEND'S PLACE... BUT OF COURSE, I DIDN'T RECOGNISE HIM.



STRANGE HOW A VOICE AND A FACE, TAKEN SEPARATELY, CAN SEEM NOT TO FIT TOGETHER.



YOU AGREE AS YOU THINK THAT YOU COULD NEVER IMAGINE HER WITH ANY VOICE OTHER THAN HER OWN.

HAVE YOU KNOWN GASPARD LONG?



ONLY SINCE YESTERDAY. AND YOU?

HE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF KARL'S. HE'S VISITED ONCE OR TWICE. I THINK HE FANCIES ME. HAVE YOU NOTICED?



NO.

YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES WHILE YOU LIE.



SO JACQUES,  
ARE YOU  
INTERESTED  
IN A FINE  
ANTIQUE BAOLÉ  
FIGURE?  
IT'S A VERY  
GOOD  
PRICE...

I THINK ...IT WOULD BE  
BETTER IF I WENT BACK  
TO PARIS.



OH, WHAT A  
SHAME... CAN  
WE BUY IT  
FOR YOU?



ARE YOU REALLY  
LEAVING?

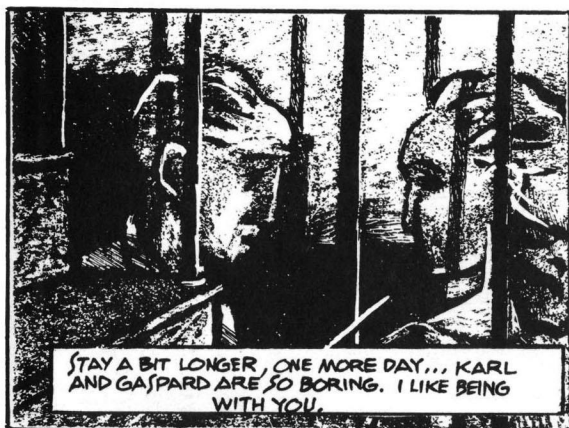
I MUST SEE MY AGENT IN PARIS.



I'M A PAINTER...

YOU HAVE A PAINTER'S  
HANDS.

KARL AND GASPARD HAVE COME BACK. GASPARD IRRITATES YOU; AT FIRST YOU'D FOUND HIM NATURALLY CHARMING, BUT NOW HE SEEMS TO TRY TOO HARD TO PLEASE. YOU FIND THE WAY HE SPEAKS TO ANNA ALMOST RIDICULOUS.



STAY A BIT LONGER, ONE MORE DAY... KARL  
AND GASPARD ARE SO BORING. I LIKE BEING  
WITH YOU.



IT'S JUST...

IT'S SO EASY TO LIE ON THE TELEPHONE,



A VOICE BUT NO FACE, IS THAT IT?  
DO YOU LIKE TELLING LIES?



DO YOUR PAINTINGS TELL LIES?



CLAIRE IS FURIOUS - HER AMERICAN ACCENT HAS COME BACK. SHE ASKS WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU, IF YOU'VE GONE MAD. YOU MAKE UP AN EXPLANATION BUT SHE DOESN'T BELIEVE YOU. " BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN COLOGNE ? " IS IT SO EASY TO LIE ON THE TELEPHONE ?



CLAIRE IS RIGHT, YOU MUST BE MAD; YESTERDAY YOU WERE ALL READY TO TELL HER YOU'D LEAVE EVERYTHING IN PARIS BEHIND, YOUR FRIENDS, YOUR AGENT, TO FOLLOW HER TO THE U.S.A. ... AND TODAY YOU LIE TO HER TO STAY NEAR ANNA. IT'S CLEAR NOW THAT YOU'RE TRYING TO BUY TIME. ANNA DOESN'T INTEREST YOU. YOU'RE SIMPLY AFRAID OF TAKING THE LEAP, OF CHANGING YOUR LIFE. DARING ONE MOMENT, HESITANT THE NEXT...

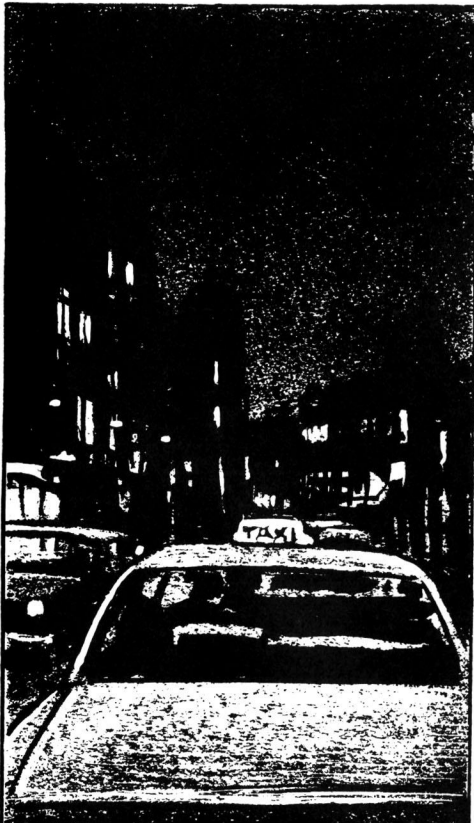


WIR HABEN HIER EINE ERSTE  
ANERBIETE FÜR DIESE PRÄCHTIGE  
AHNES GESTALT ...



THERE'S THAT ANTIQUE BAOLÉ FIGURE,...

YESTERDAY, LOOKING AT YOUR PAINTINGS, YOU'D REALISED THAT YOUR WORK WAS MERELY REPEATING ITSELF. NOW YOU'RE FACING UP TO THINGS AND YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO, FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR HAPPINESS WITH CLAIRE AND FOR YOUR PAINTING... AS FOR ANNA, SHE'S PROBABLY PLAYING WITH YOU JUST LIKE SHE'S PLAYING WITH GASPARD. FROM THE START, FASCINATED LIKE SOME ANTHROPOLOGIST, YOU'VE WATCHED HER LYING.



RUE NOLLET... 14 AV. D'ITALIE... 7, RUE DE PICPUS... THE TAXI RECITES THE STREETS OF PARIS. IT'S ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING. TOMORROW YOU'LL GO AND SEE YOUR AGENT, TWO DAYS LATER THAN ARRANGED. BUT FOR NOW, THE TAXI IS TAKING YOU TO CLAIRE - YOU AND THAT BAOLÉ FIGURE, A CURIOUS SOUVENIR FROM COLOGNE.

END

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# CITY OF SHADOWS

## THE MAN ON TOLBIAC BRIDGE

Léo Malet & Jacques Tardi



NESTOR BURMA  
AND BÉLITA  
MORALES, PARTNERS  
AGAINST CRIME

**L**ÉO MALET, BORN IN 1909, was a young adolescent in the Paris of the roaring Twenties. Jacques Tardi, born in 1946 in Valence in the south of France, learnt about those years from his grandfather's stories. It was not until 1982 that Malet and Tardi first met, on the fog-enshrouded Pont de Tolbiac.

Malet became a cult writer, 'the French Raymond Chandler', thanks to his series 'Les Nouveaux Mystères de Paris'. Since the Forties, he has written more than thirty adventures of the Parisian detective, Nestor Burma, who knows every dark corner of the city. Malet himself is a legend. In his childhood, he was a newspaper boy, then an anarchist singer in Montmartre and also a friend of André Breton and his surrealist group. But Malet was also an investigative journalist. He knew every top policeman at the Quai des Orfèvres (the French Scotland Yard) and would dig up clues to sordid murders.

Tardi's own feminist heroine, Adèle Blanc-Sec, is also a journalist, but works in the Paris of Art Nouveau days. Devilish plots, a subtle violence and a recreation of Parisian life make her adventures a treat. Discover the Père Lachaise churchyard, Le Jardin de Plantes, the roofs of the city, its boulevards, and travel with Adèle on the brand new Metro. The Paris of La Belle Epoque is modern, with gas and electricity, with trees in Montmartre and fish in the Seine!

But when Tardi works with Malet, Paris is very different; no more glittering houses, only fear, poverty and decay. In *The Man on Tolbiac Bridge*, a pale figure crosses the rusty iron bridge, the river lost in fog. Malet recalls his youth as a lodger in a cheap pension on the Rue de Tolbiac. Nestor Burma is a tough private eye, who smokes a pipe and drinks cheap table wine. Tardi draws sad bistros, infamous suburbs, dreadful hospitals and dubious cinemas. We are in the Fifties and Paris is dirty and gloomy.

Following Tolbiac Bridge, Tardi more recently has adapted another Burma case, the masterful *120, Rue de la Gare*, set during the Occupation. The German soldiers, the black marketeers, collaborators, propaganda posters, are not only part of this story, but also belong to Malet's own past; he was writing his first book in 1941. Tardi's realism here is completely convincing; every reader will relive that period, feel

the lack of food, wine and tobacco. Burma walks in a dark Paris, under the snow and the bombing raids.

No film adaptation of Malet's books has come close. I am happy to write that Burma belongs strictly to the world of Tardi now. He has illustrated new covers for the paperback editions from Presses de la Cité. In fact, Malet has entrusted his characters to Tardi to create an original Burma story now running in *A Suivre* magazine. Tardi and Malet, alongside Adèle Blanc-Sec and Nestor Burma, are the master storytellers of Paris.

—Eric Simon

Casterman publish all Tardi's albums of Nestor Burma and Adèle Blanc-Sec in French. For English versions see: *The Man on the Tolbiac Bridge*, serialised in *Prime Cuts* 11-14 from Fantagraphics Books, \$3.95-£2.25 import each; and *Adèle and The Beast*, beginning in *Cheval Noir* 1 from Dark Horse Comics, \$3.50-£2.00 import.

★★★★★

## THE COMPLETE LITTLE NEMO IN SLUMBERLAND VOL. 1

Winsor McCay

IT IS SOBERING TO REFLECT, in these heady days of celebration of the 'New Comics' that stretch the bounds of the medium, that Winsor McCay was creating his Sunday newspaper pages over eighty years ago. He not only defined what comics were capable of achieving, but almost single-handedly created the form as we know it today – an evolution now visible in this first complete colour reprint. We see McCay trying to combine words and pictures into a coherent narrative form: it took him about four months to drop the explanations in the guttering of what was happening in the panels; another four months to drop the mini-explanations of what you are about to read from the title panel; from there on it's an adventure in graphic literature, and there are another three volumes to come.

For the uninitiated, Little Nemo ('No-one'), an anonymous child in pyjamas, is summoned by King Morpheus to Slumberland to play with his daughter, the Princess of Dreams. In sweeping Art Nouveau panels,

McCay specialises in abrupt shifts in size, shape and colour: a tree becomes a rhinoceros; a little girl is a cut-out paper valentine; twenty identical Nemos go for a ride on an elephant... But whatever flights of fancy Nemo travels through, whatever dangers or joys he experiences, each page ends with an almost identical panel of him back in bed, being remonstrated with by Mama or Papa. Thematically, *Nemo* is an optimistic vision in pessimistic episodes, presenting a series of mounting failures and disappointments (for, dream-like, one never quite attains the longed-for goal, or, attaining it, one awakes without it), but whose cumulative effect is a sequence of successes, especially once McCay allows the boy to reach the Palace and meet the princess.

Like Herriman's later *Krazy Kat*, *Little Nemo in Slumberland* mapped the potential of the comic strip as an art form. Unfortunately, like the inimitable *Krazy*, other creators proved unable to build on McCay's work. This collection should be enjoyed not only for what it is, but also as one of the medium's vitally important building blocks. Disappointingly, even amongst today's 'New Comics', there is almost nothing as visually



BIG NEMO IN NEW YORK

inventive as *Little Nemo*, almost no-one with the breadth of imagination of Winsor McCay.

—Neil Gaiman

US: Fantagraphics UK: Titan \$29.95-£12.95 100pp HB

★★★★★

## CRITICAL LIST

### SEVEN DEADLY SINS

Knockabout

This comics version of the Seven Deadly Sins can reach parts that text versions can't. Witness here, among others, Bryan Talbot & Neil Gaiman incorporating 'Sloth' into the form, their medium become the message. Roz Kaveney & Graham Higgins inform a narrative about 'Pride' with its modern equivalent, arrogance, and, like Marlowe's raucous parade of Sins, guy those in power. Traditionally, the devil has all the best tunes, but that's never prevented them being played by the righteous. Best, perhaps, Alan Moore & Mike Matthews create a nuclear fable in 'Lust' that, in text and pictures apparently diametrically opposite in subject, finds all the resonances between sex-pornography and violence-pornography. As suits medieval category and modern rendition, it's all gallows humour. —

Mary Gentle

★★★★★

### CRISIS 15-17

Fleetway

Backtracking from the blind alley of neo-superheroes, *Crisis* comes of age early at 15. With Eve back in Britain, Pat Mills keeps 'Third World War' thundering along, but the new strips are the real revelation. 'Sticky Fingers', Myra Hancock & David Hine's evocation of light-fingered life in Camden Town, injects a needed note of levity into the proceedings. Best of all is 'Troubled Souls'. Ennis & McCrear create atmospheric menace in their tale of the Troubles in Belfast without oversimplification or distortion. Authentic, informative and utterly compulsive! — Spencer Woodcock

★★★★★

### PARAFFIN 1

Alien Mosquito

Eze Chimalio transports himself back to his life in Africa, and its inner and outer realities, in perceptive strips and mystical graphics. Utterly unique 'World Comics'. — Paul Gravett

★★★

### THE MYSTERY MAN

Slave Labor Graphics

Gee whiz! How can a comic feature wacky superheroes, a heroine who screams on command, shadowy men in black whose heads fall off and hopeless villains, and yet still be boring? Easy, if creator Scott Saavedra doesn't know when to stop telling jokes and get on with the plot. My solution is to ignore the terrible first issue, get a copy of the second, cut out every third panel and paste them all up in an A4 sketchpad, leaving you with an ace read. — Harley Richardson

★

# UKCAC89

THE UK COMIC ART CONVENTION 1989

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This year it will be held on the weekend of September 9th/10th.

On September 8th we will be having a trade show for publishers, retailers and press.

For further information write to the above address.



UK Comic Art Convention is organised by Rusty Staples Ltd. (Organising committee: Richard Barker, Frank Plowright, Hassan Yusuf).

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# THE BOMB DROPS BAREFOOT GEN

Keiji Nakazawa



GEN AND HIS MOTHER TRY TO SAVE THEIR FAMILY

more recent atrocities or the media deliberately twist our perception of them. Although no reflection on the individual worth of either book, it seems to me that publishers like Penguin should *also* be dealing in comic book format with current and *controversial* events – such as the effect of the US experiments on South Sea islanders (*they* didn't declare war on the United States), US support for the Holocaust in Guatemala, or events in Northern Ireland – if they *really* want to increase public awareness of the horrors of war through graphic novels. Otherwise, books like *Maus* and *Barefoot Gen* unfortunately tend to confirm the establishment viewpoint we've been brainwashed with – namely, that fascism and war crimes are something only the Germans and Japanese were guilty of many years ago, never something the United States or Britain might be guilty of now.

—Pat Mills

Penguin Originals £6.99 304pp SB. Volumes 2 & 3 are already published in the US by New Society Publishers. Penguin will publish Volume 2 here in May 1990.

★★★★

## THE TOWERS OF BOIS MAURY

Hermann

AFTER A FRUSTRATING START some four years ago, this is a re-launch of Hermann Huppen's obscurely titled series in a handsome soft-cover English edition. Wisely avoiding the frankly rather second-rate European album covers, the first two volumes are here served up in a spiffy new package by Rian 'Mr Design' Hughes in unaccustomed medieval mode, which serves the story material perfectly.

Unfashionable it may be, but this tale of olden days, told in an uncompromisingly straightforward style, devoid of captions and 'voice-overs', evokes a sense of warm-blooded, robust and rude humanity which is sadly lacking from so much modern-day material. The characters live and die, breathe and bleed, and, yes, fuck and shit so vividly that you can smell them. In addition, Hermann has the ability to hit you right

between the eyes with pictorial compositions of such startling potency that they take your breath away. Scenes of violent action have the clarity and excitement of high speed photographs.

All this is achieved with a spidery yet highly descriptive line and a sparing, exquisitely judged spotting of blacks. Due credit for the final effect, however, must be given to colourist F. Raymond. His earthy, natural palette sets season, temperature and time of day with an unerring accuracy and great beauty, which brings to mind, appropriately enough, Hal Foster's *Prince Valiant*.

Despite superficial similarities though, *Bois-Maury* remains, in its intent, as far removed from Hal Foster's work as is the 'spaghetti' western from the films of John Ford. Times change, alright. Even OLD times.

—Dave Gibbons

Titan Books £3.95–\$9.95 48pp SB

★★★★

## CRITICAL LIST

### IN/FLUX 1

XEX Graphics

A Franco-American summit where language barriers are shattered in an explosion of black & white fireworks. All of these experimental slashings and scribbles sock you in the eye, whether they be Captain Cavern's high-contrast decorations, the molten flesh-hatchings of Dennis Worden or Placid's shadowy elephant men. For the curious, *In/Flux* serves as an exciting intro to the wonders of international graphedelia. —John Bagnall

\$2.50 (post paid in US) from: PO Box 240611, Memphis, TN 38124, USA

★★★★

### TRIDENT 1

Trident

Six stories, the best being 'St. Swithen's Day' from Grant Morrison & Paul Grist and 'Dom Zombie' from Dominic Regan. Eddie Campbell's 'Bacchus' strip excels. Catch Nigel Kitching's artwork on 'Light Brigade' (not more superheroes?). This is a mixed bag: the cover by John Ridgeway is as skilled as ever, if a little static. The artwork inside varies, some of lettering is dreadful, and clever writing doesn't make a good story – 'Light Brigade' is an example of this. Still, no real stinkers, and providing it keeps a regular schedule, *Trident* could well be a success. —John Freeman

★★★★

### WRECKLESS IN SHANGRI-LA 1

Wreckless

Interested in fornication? Look no further. Yeah, just what the world needs, you might be saying – another sex comic. But in fact these folks have more in mind than mere gliblet engorgement; actually, they want to stimulate our brains to examine some favourite fun activities and ask a few questions, make some observations, and stick the editorial fingers into ... well you know where. Jessamy, Jeweltz, Pokkettz, Pearlman, surreal Appleby and more head off this first issue – so try it, you might like it! —Trevs Phoenix

★★★★

### THE ORIGINAL BLACK CAT

Recollections

A handsome little volume reprinting from the mid-Forties the adventures of Hollywood actress-crimefighter Linda Turner aka *The Black Cat*. Lee Elias' crisp, mildly fetishistic artwork and simpleton story-telling is a heap more fun than most of today's angst-ridden superhero-soaps. Where else would you find characters like Orson Arson, who *secretly* masquerades as The Firebug? —Marc Baines

★★★★



THE MIDDLE AGES COME TO LIFE

# MOEBIUS HERNANDEZ EISNER

ARK 29 — the latest of *THE Premier* comics magazine, features three in depth interviews with four of the most creative people working in comics today.

JEAN 'MOEBIUS' GIRAUD reveals the mind behind *THE INCAL* and *Lt. BLUEBERRY*.

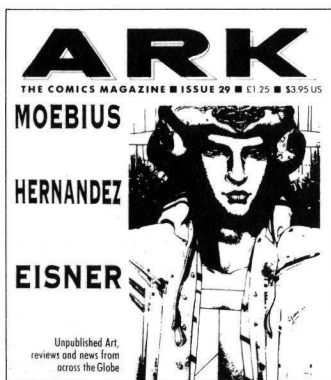
GILBERT and JAIME HERNANDEZ discuss life and style and *LOVE AND ROCKETS*.

WILL EISNER gives a personal insight into his work including *THE SPIRIT*, and his classic *A CONTRACT WITH GOD*.

ARK brings you the hottest names from the US and Britain. Interviews, previously unpublished strips, reviews and news...

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# A

# ARK



CRITICAL LIST

**TEEN-AGED DOPE SLAVES AND REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS**  
Eclipse Books

The slippery slope that begins with drug abuse and petty crime, the dangers of easy virtue, are some of the themes presented in these eight strips from the Forties and Fifties, the Golden Age of Exploitation. Sadly, the high moral tone of most of these stories make for page after page of pure starch, poor relations to their B-movie counterparts. The exceptions that make this book worthwhile are Harvey Kurtzman's tender melodrama involving a syphilitic cowboy and two pieces by Simon & Kirby, vigorously told and reeking of desperation, betrayal and more cigarette smoke than you've ever seen in a comic book. —Marc Baines

★★★

**EIGHTBALL**  
Fantagraphics

Returned from his untimely demise, Lloyd Llewellyn once again hits the hip road to adventure. Imagine *Outer Limits* executed in the style of a UPI cartoon (you know, Queens of Venus, killer orphans, men turning into worms, that kind of thing) and you're half way there. Daniel Clowes' stories are better than ever, and his artwork looks great compacted to comic book page-size. —Bob Lynch

★★★

**POINT BLANK 1**  
Acme—John Brown—Eclipse

An ill-judged effort to capture a wider general readership through newsstand distribution in the UK, *Point Blank* features two pulp-fiction-by-numbers serials by second-rate Euro-hacks. Their artwork captures the film noir atmosphere in a stylish but superficial manner. The subtitle 'The Best of European Strip Art' can only be a joke at the readers' expense; I suggest as a more honest alternative, 'Mediocre strips rooted in a stunted, out-of-date genre'. —Johnny Rush

★

**WEIRDO 24**  
Last Gasp

The majority of comics represent a state of retarded development to me, most of whose clichéd fantasies I happily ignore. I content myself with a minute number of titles. *Weirdo 24*, the sixth under the editorship of Aline Kominsky-Crumb, continues to publish a strong selection of more imaginative work, with contributions from Justin Green, Dori Seda, Kim Deitch, Robert & Aline Crumb. A particular favourite is Bill Griffith's 'Daily Strip', an endearing look at the pressures of producing his *Zippy* strip. *Weirdo* is a comic to return to. —Les Coleman

★★★★

REVIZIONISTS

Viz  
Various



BARRY THE CAT, IN FOR A PROPER KICKING

what it is; he'd be waiting for the debunking punchline, the unexpected bursts of self-parodic gratuitous violence, the dollop of cheap vulgarity, anything that would pull the rug from under his feet and relieve him from the burden of exercising his imagination.

I suspect this negative attitude is more pernicious that you might think. With *Viz*, people don't think they're reading anything more harmful than a sophisticated rag-mag, or a raunchier version of a Carry On film in comic strip form. Curiously, it's this very blandness that lies at the heart of *Viz* that makes it all so insidious. *Viz* is becoming like the very newspaper they so accurately lampoon in their Readers' Letters section; as *The Sun* forces its readership to think in stupid clichés, so *Viz* passes on an unhealthy disrespect for stories and the reading process. Without wishing to sound censorious, the prospect of a generation raised on *Viz* summons up visions of a culture that's positively derelict. Their circulation is now somewhere around 500,000 copies. Be warned!

—Ed Pinsent

John Brown Publishing 90 pence 48pp Bi-monthly  
★★★



YOUNG LUST IN PROVINCIAL FRANCE

religious morality (where all thoughts of sex are linked with shame). 'I have the impression I'm reviving buried memories that I had totally forgotten', he explains in an interview. A sort of psychoanalysis where the author transforms the idea of voyeurism into a reverse game of *Colin - Maillard* (the French name for blind man's buff) — a game of

seeing without being seen. This album, treated with dazzling luminous colours, confirms the unique talent of Cabanes and promotes him into the first division.

—Philippe Morin

Casternan £6.50 Import 84pp SB. Translations are appearing in *Heavy Metal* magazine  
★★★★

SOMETHING IS GOING to have to be done about *Viz*. It's managed to be one of the funniest and most successful comics produced anywhere. Simple to understand, enormously popular, full of cheerful British vulgarity — how could anything be wrong with it? Yet I've found recent issues to be an increasingly joyless experience, and the very things that used to be funny are now beginning to worry me.

My main concern is this. Everyone knows the comic-book stories that *Viz* is mercilessly parodying, the old DC Thomson titles that we've all grown up reading. *Viz* builds on the foundation of our collective consciousness, but endeavours to subvert the entire genre, calling attention to the stilted, formulaic structure of those stories, sneering at their sanctimonious morality, their far-fetched coincidences and stale clichés. No one can take this seriously, say *Viz*. Among the latest, cruellest manifestations of their revisionist strategy is their spoof of 'Billy the Cat'. It's lovingly executed as a perfect parody of the *Beano* original, except that here no one is fooled for a minute. Everyone recognises the hero disguised in his cat-costume, and he ends up bruised and broken as would any real kid who tries to fight a gang of robbers. Ironically, like the pathetic youngster here who believes his 'normal' Grandad is a heroic magician and inventor, he is a character in a comic strip who thinks he's a character in a comic strip. It's as though the entire mechanism of the strip was a brutal practical joke, along the lines of Candid Camera; everybody's in on the prank, except the hapless naif trapped there in the comic frame.

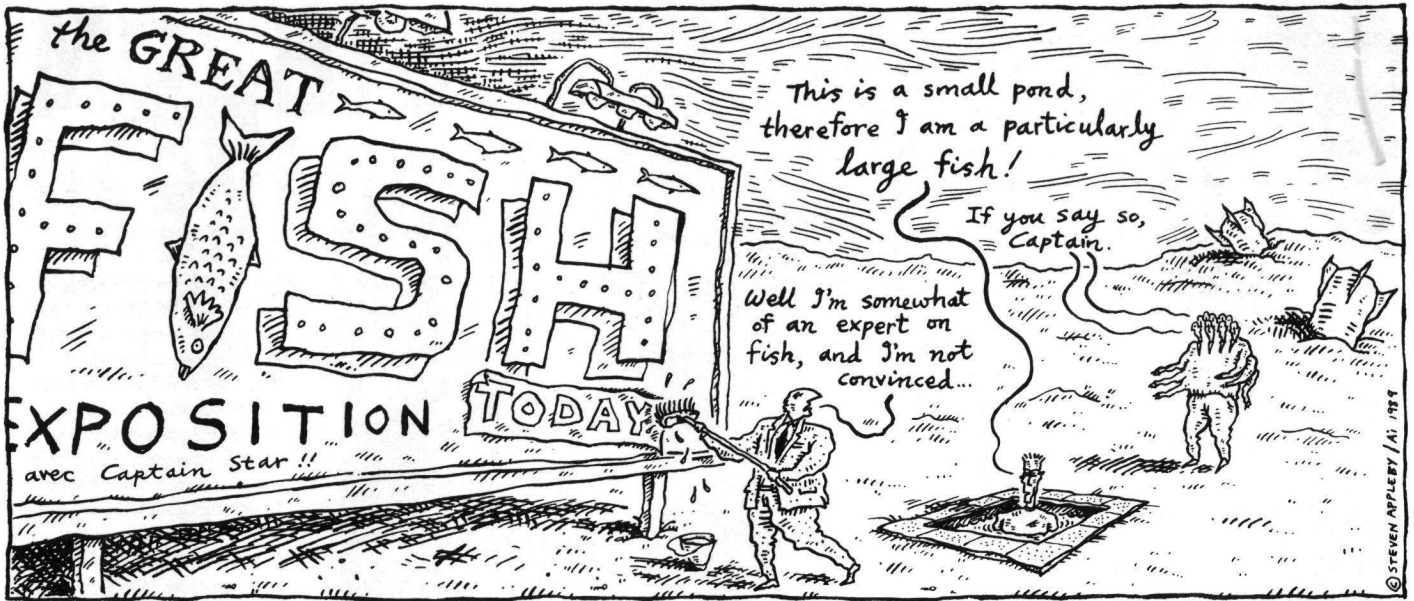
This collision of the 'real world' with the fantasy comics world has the potential to be exciting and is often very funny indeed. Yet it is the most destructive aspect of *Viz*. In exposing what they see as the humbug of old comics, a key element in our reading experience is being negated — that of suspension of disbelief. Of course, those original stories are silly, but to enjoy them (or indeed any stories) at any level, you need to put aside your knowing suspicion. How else can you participate in the joy of a story? *Viz* refuses any of this, and equips each story with an inbuilt fail-safe mechanism that militates against any response other than cynicism.

This reinforces *Viz*'s position as an anti-comic, in every sense of the term. It's fairly safe to say that a large majority of *Viz* fans don't in fact read any other comics at all; comic dealers will testify to the fact that customers in their shops who buy *Viz* rarely buy anything else. It may be stretching a point, but try to imagine a reader, equipped with this peculiar strain of anti-comics mentality that he's picked up from *Viz*, trying to read any other comic story. If he took *Viz*'s deleterious effects to heart, he'd have difficulty in reading that story and enjoying it for

COLIN — MAILLARD

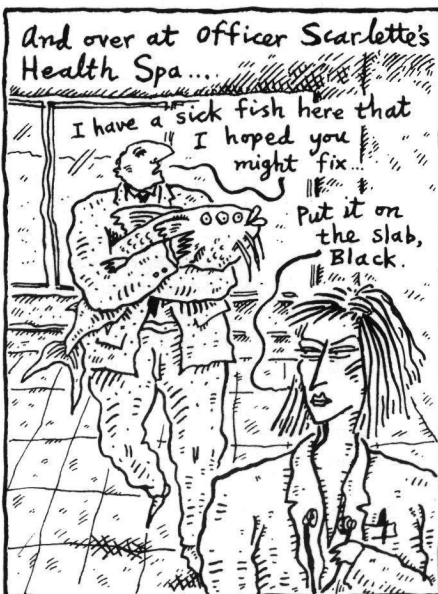
Max Cabanes

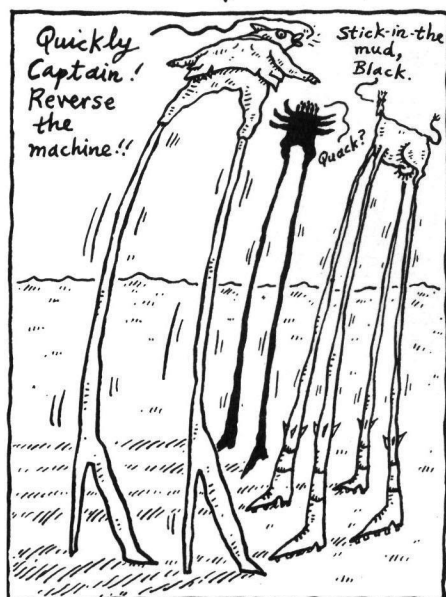
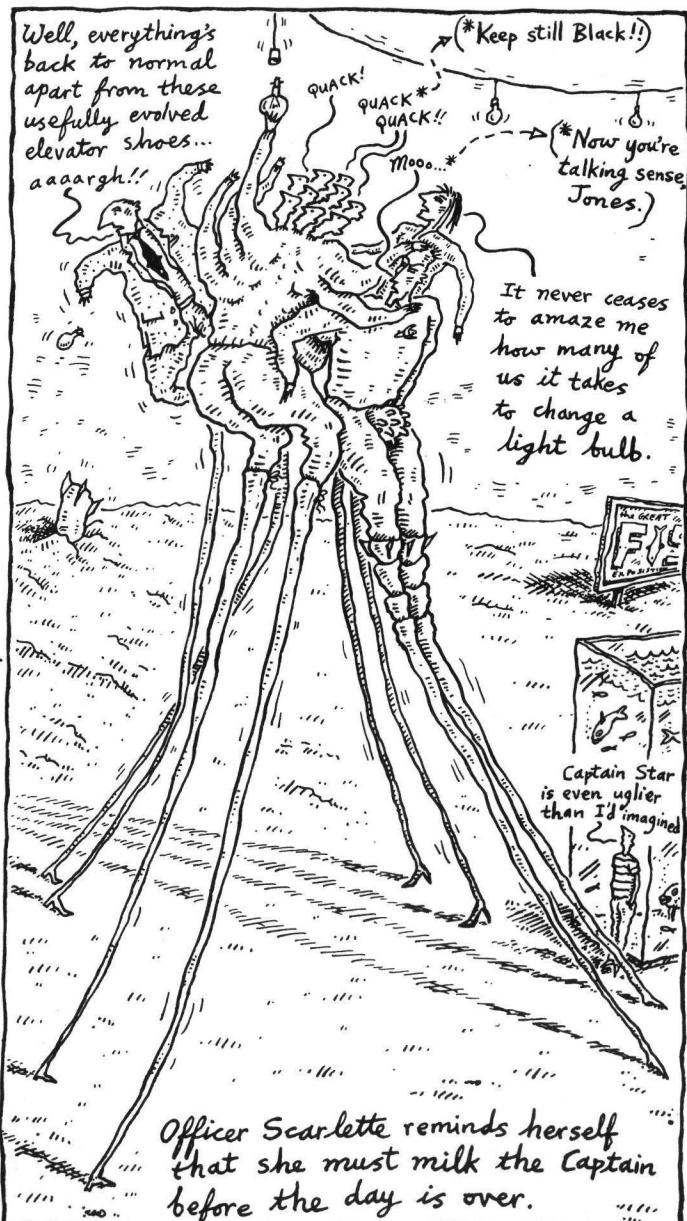
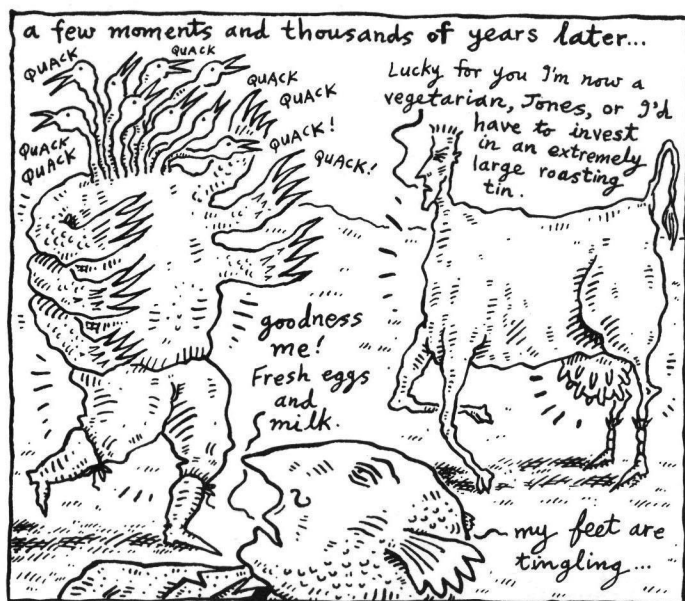
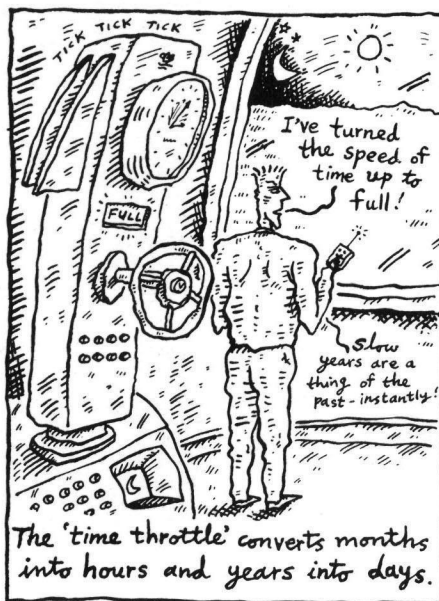
THIS ALBUM IS A REAL EVENT in France thanks to its original subject matter and its successful treatment: a child's young love is a theme rarely approached in comics and when it's done so masterfully, it stands out. Max Cabanes (now 42, with eight albums published) tells five stories inspired by his childhood and adolescence in the south of France, five stories whose central characters are women: Roberta, Rose-Marie, Bertille, La Demoiselle and Marie-Ange. Memories of each of them bring back the first feelings and stirrings of young love. Cabanes describes with sensuality and nostalgia a child's perception of the idea of sexual desire and love. From his mother's death when he was nine ('I began to love my mother with an instinctual love', he writes), he relates in detail how his ambivalence evolves between natural feelings and



Questions of personal identity haunt Captain Star as he and the crew of his ship the Boiling Hell, marooned without orders on a distant world, help pass the interminable years by holding events such as Navigator Black's annual 'Fish Exposition'.

This year, as always, Captain Star will man the Foot and Shoe Concession.





Captain Star appears each week in The Observer's London Supplement, 'Section 5'.

END.



SMOULDERING JEAN-CLAUDE GÖTTING

STEVEN APPLEBY was filmed for BBC 1's new Sunday Arts series, when Margi Clarke bought a 'Captain Star' drawing. He is working with Sinister Groove Records on 'Captain Star's Favourite Rare Space Ship Sounds'. JOHN BAGNALL has taken to drawing in bed, 'the quietest place in the house', while wiggling out to Bongwater and Grateful Dead. MARC BAINES is getting his kicks from Arch Hall Jnr. videos, Lynda Barry's novel and trash culture journal *Pop Void*. BRIAN BOLLAND, while in Paris, planned to shop for lingerie with advice from colourist Richmond Lewis, but managed quite well on his own. He hopes to get to Berlin before the wall comes down. HOWARD CHAYKIN is a great lover – especially of jazz. He's the Bad Boy of US comic books, giving *Blackhawk* a sex life and seducing thousands of innocents with his explicit *Black Kiss* ten-parter. LES COLEMAN has just had a collection of aphorisms published by In House entitled *180 grammes*. 'Simple as ABD'. WILL EISNER, a spritely septuagenarian, played a revolutionary role in comics' development, from his Forties film noir *Spirit* fables to the first ever 'graphic novel' in 1978, *A Contract With God*. Today, he's still producing new strips from his Florida poolside. CARL FLINT started his photocopy cut-ups, because his art tutor said he couldn't draw. He enjoys *Cudd* records and is collecting plastic fruit and veg – any offers? JOHN FREEMAN, affable *Dr Who* suprema, has jetted off to the Windy City for fantasy conventions and girlfriend Claire. NEIL GAIMAN dressed up as a cowboy for a cameo in Clive Barker's imminent *Nightbreed* film, with fellow gunslingers John Bolton and Steve Gallagher, and is writing 'Signal To Noise', *The Face's* 'graphic novella', drawn by Dave McKean. JEAN-PAUL GAULTIER, mischievous French designer, thrives on mixing influences as a revolt against cliché. An avowed Anglophile, he always prefers Londoners' street fashions to Frenchmen's conformity – 'There, you can be different only by wearing a stripe half a millimetre wider than the others!'. MARY GENTLE writes fantasy shorts for *Asimov's* magazine, several of which are compiled in *Scholars and Soldiers*, published by Macdonald-Futura in September. DAVE GIBBONS is drawing Frank Miller's *Liberty* for Dark Horse, writing *Rogue Trooper* for Fleetway and *World's Finest* for DC and, to top this off, Harvey Mad Kurtzman asked him to draw one of his stories. Ever since, Dave has been in Nirvana. JEAN-CLAUDE GÖTTING, at 25, is one of most acclaimed young BD auteurs in Paris. Since winning an Alfred award for his



first album, *Crève-Coeur*, he has created *Detours*, *La Serviette Noire* and *La Fille du Modèle*, all for Futuropolis, and prints and a *texte illustré* for Art Moderne. His father is German, his mother Spanish, but he has always lived in France. He loves jazz and plays the saxophone. CHRIS LONG is grooving to Easy Listening genius Esquivel and recommends Todd Haynes' *Superstar*, the Karen Carpenter bio-pic played entirely by Barbie and Ken dolls. PETER LYDON has worked on *Network 7* and *Eyewitness* and met James Sillavan in a Clapham café. 'We had nothing in common but bad eyesight.' BOB LYNCH is re-mixing *Whirlpool of Disaster* and doesn't know his 'lupine' from his 'lepine'. PAT MILLS has radically re-shaped British comics, from creating *2000AD* in 1977 through to his 'Third World War' dystopia in *Crisis*. His sheer loathing of stuporheroes burst out in *Marshal Law*, his US debut for Epic. PHILIPPE MORIN works as an architect, co-edits France's best BD 'fanzine' *PLGPPUR*, and last Valentine's Day became a father. SAVAGE PENCIL dropped into Gary Panter's Brooklyn studio and splashed out on a big-scale painting. Hang on for his deluxe silkscreened *Corpsemeat 2*, due out from L'Atelier in Paris in time for *la rentrée*. TREVS PHOENIX has a Piranha Press project on the boil and still masterminds the essential *Sinister Romance*. ED PINSENT has just landed back from Down Under where he went surfing in his 100% Mambo gear with *Fox Comics* magnate David Vodicka. PAUL RAMBALI spent childhood summers in the South of France. In 1980 he helped form *The Face*, 'the only alternative to the dole queues and the Conservatives. In '87, I fled to Paris to avoid any more conversations about property.' He now lives and works there, contributing to *Actuel*. HARLEY RICHARDSON wishes those darn TV schedulers would show *Pee-wee's Playhouse*, as he's caught up in exams 'and I could do with something to make me more hyperactive.' MARK ROBINSON has finally made it, winning a *Mask* comic art contest. Catch his football farce in *Ugly Mug 3*. JOHNNY RUSH never tired of gazing up at Manhattan skyscrapers, especially after he saw a machete-wielding murderer gunned down by the police only ten minutes after arriving. Wild BILL SIENKIEWICZ, Connecticut Yankee, enjoyed para-scending in the French Alps so much, he thought it was 'almost as good as sex!'. He's painted a set of satirical bubblegum cards, *Friendly Dictators*, for Eclipse. JAMES SILLAVAN, famed for hosting the much-missed breakfast club 'The Pier', illustrates for *City Limits*, *Blueprint* and many others. ERIC SIMON is a passionate Belgian Anglophile, in love with disappearing London. He curated the French Institute's *Black Island* exhibition and plans another for MOMI next Spring. ALEX VARENNE and his brother Daniel's major success is the post-atomic series *Ardeur*. Solo, Alex produces powerfully erotic vignettes. This marks his first translation into English. BILL WATTERSON adamantly refuses to license *Calvin & Hobbes* toys. 'I have no interest in turning my characters into commodities. If I'd wanted to sell plush garbage, I'd have gone to work as a carry.' SPENCER WOODCOCK is spending the summer on Lewis Island, where he grew up, off the West coast of Scotland.

THE MEN BEHIND  
'BUM!' IN ESCAPE 16

'BRIGHTON'S  
BUDDING ANSWER  
TO THE  
HERNANDEZ  
BROTHERS'  
TIME OUT

'WE'RE LOOKING  
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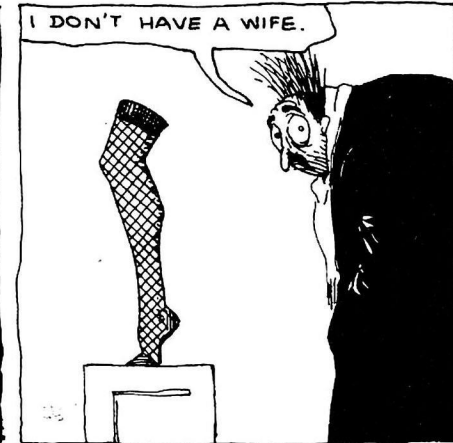
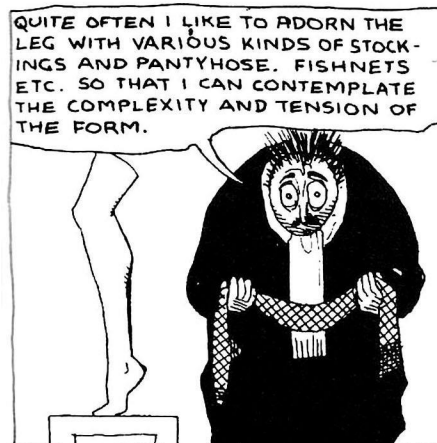
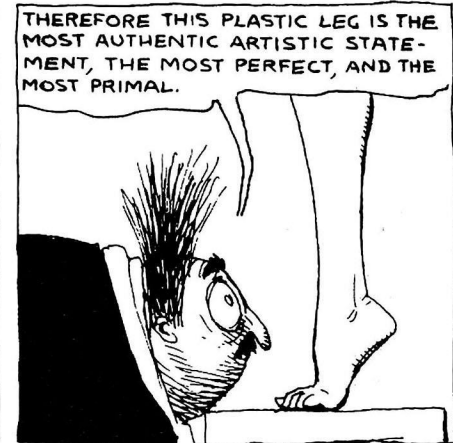
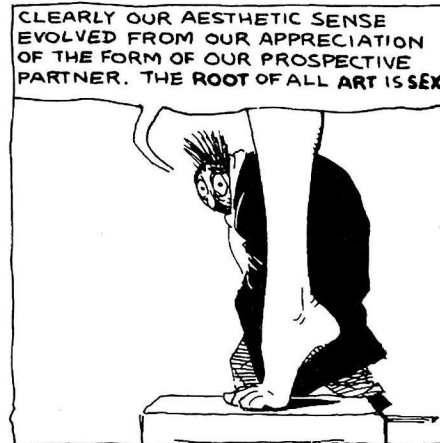
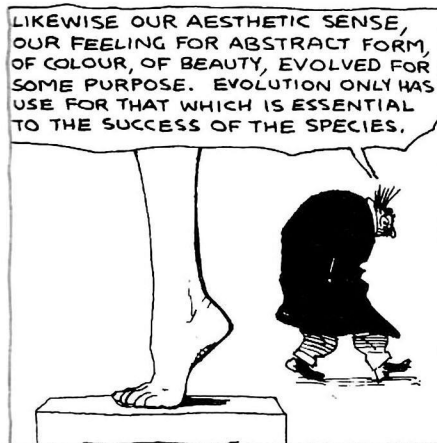
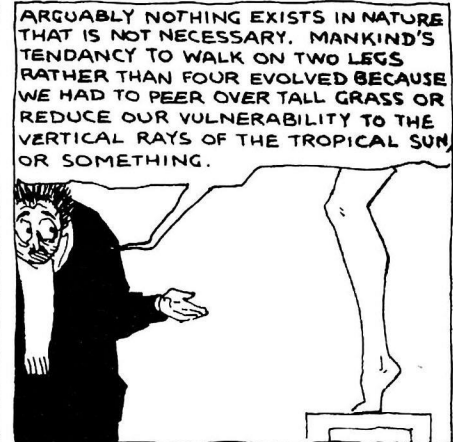
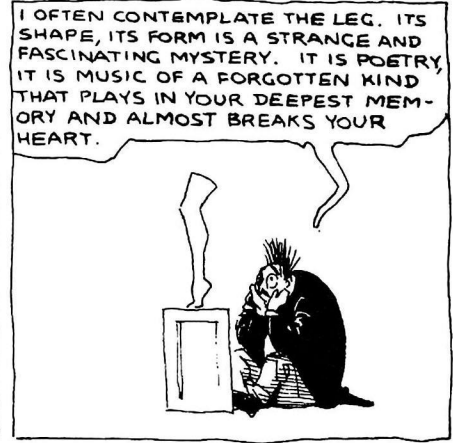
## Wreckless in Shangri-la



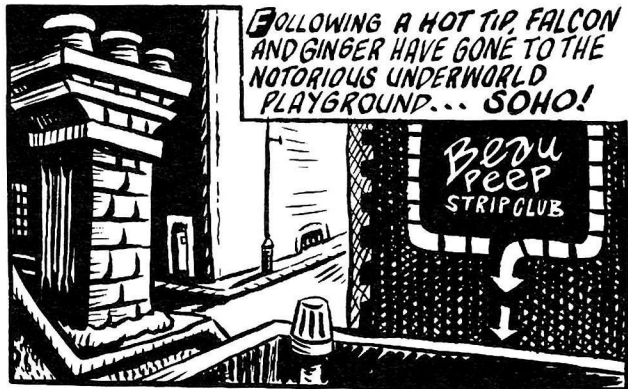
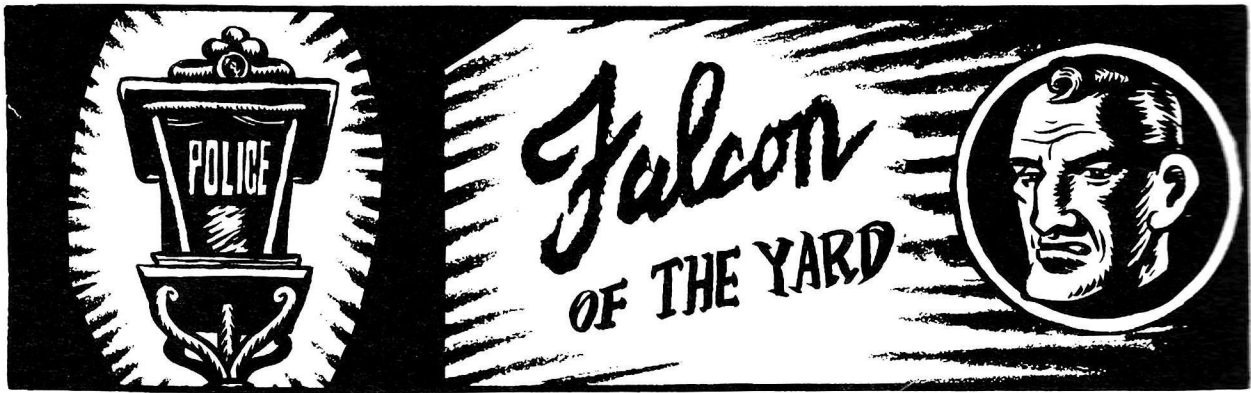
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WITHOUT SHAME!!

TO HORSE! TO HORSE!!  
LET'S MOUNT UP AND CHASE  
SOME BUSHY TAIL!!!



..BUT, ER, WHAT DOES  
DEGRADIN'MEAN?

ISN'T IT BLOODY  
OBVIOUS? SHE'S  
MAKING FUN OF  
FOX HUNTING!! IS  
NOTHING SACRED?



TO GINGER'S CHAGRIN, THE  
STRIP TEASE ENDS MUCH  
TOO QUICKLY.... BUT THEN...

FEELING FIT, LAD? WE'RE  
GOING BACKSTAGE TO TALK TO  
MISS LA TOUR!



NOW YER  
TALKIN' GUV  
RIGHTO!



..SEEMS OUR LITTLE  
STRIPTEASER HAS BEEN  
RECEIVING SOME VERY  
THREATENING LETTERS  
RECENTLY, SO HER MAN-  
-AGER CONTACTS THE  
YARD.. AND BINGO!...  
WHO GETS ELECTED FOR  
BABYSITTING DUTIES?  
I'LL GIVE YOU ONE GUESS...



LET ME ALONE!  
HELP! HELP! <sup>choke</sup>  
-AAAARRGH!

SOUNDS LIKE  
TROUBLE, C'MON  
YOUNGSTER!!



LET'S HOPE  
WE'RE IN TIME!



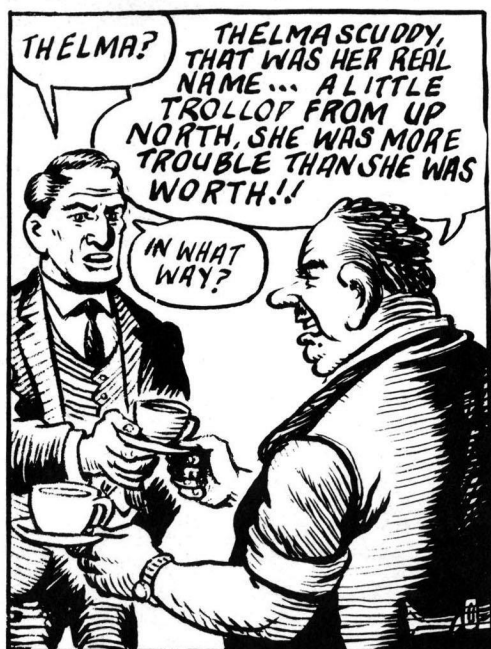
STONE THE CROWS!!  
SHE'S BROWN BREAD  
AN' NO MISTAKIN'... FROTTLED  
WIV 'ER OWN G-STRING!!

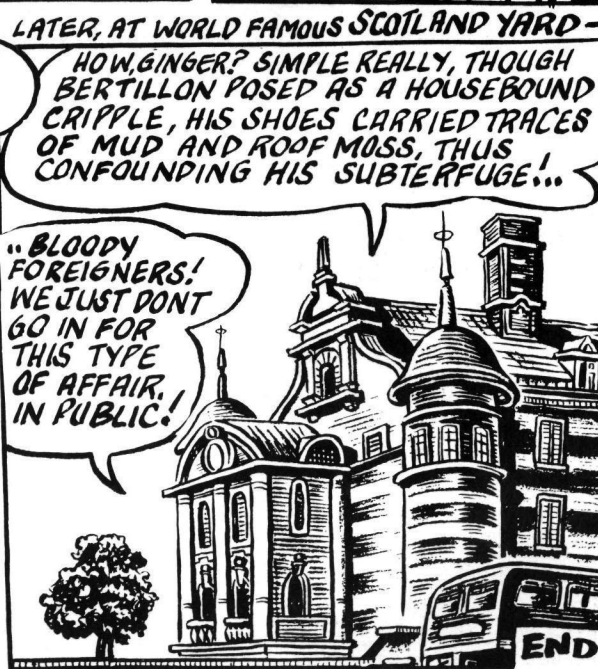
DISTURBING!  
BUT WHERE IS  
HER ATTACKER?  
...GINGER...LOOK!!



WAHIZIT?

A SKYLIGHT  
ESCAPE ROUTE  
FOR AN AGILE  
MURDERER!!






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- 1) Entries should be on the form provided in the magazine or postcards only and addressed to ESCAPE, 156 Munster Road, London SW6 5RA. Each entry must carry the name and address of the sender and the name of the competition.
- 2) Employees, contributors and artists (and their relatives) of and to ESCAPE Magazine or Titan Books Ltd., the competition sponsors and their associated companies are not eligible to enter.
- 3) No responsibility can be taken for entries lost, delayed or damaged in the post. Proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of delivery.
- 4) Illegible entries will be disqualified.
- 5) In all matters the decision of the Editors is final and no correspondence can be entered into.
- 6) All prizes are competed for in the form in which they are published.
- 7) Prizewinners are notified by post and results are published in ESCAPE.
- 8) By entering the competition, competitors will be deemed to have read, accepted and agreed to abide by these rules.

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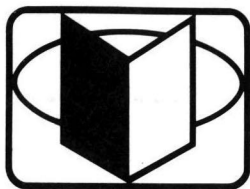


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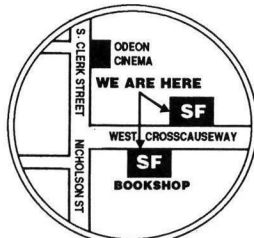
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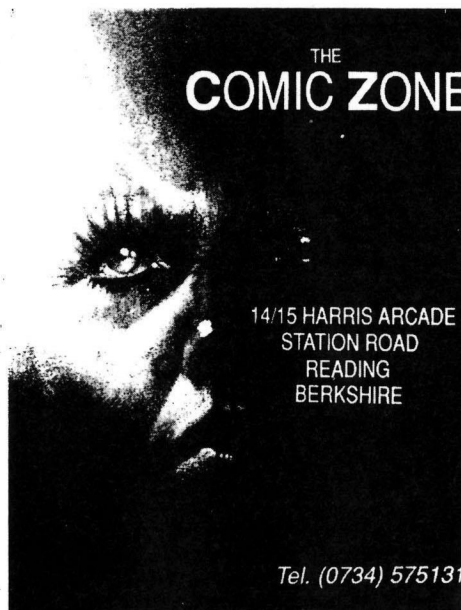
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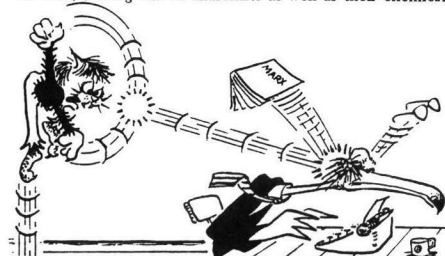
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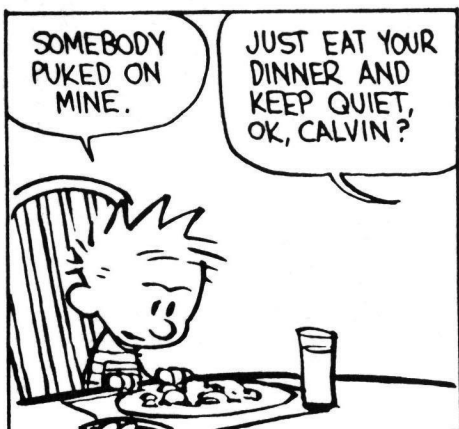
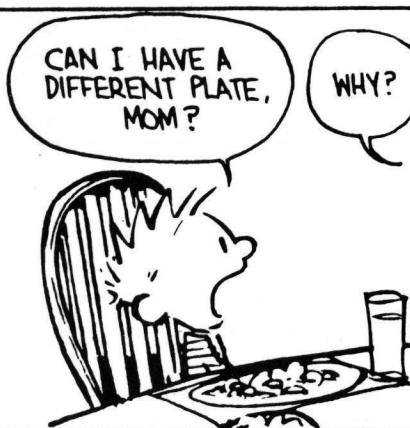


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# calvin and hobbes

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# HIP PARADE

**1 (11) JAMIE HEWLETT**  
*'Tank Girl' in Deadline*

**2 (2) CALVIN & HOBBS**  
*By Bill Watterson. Andrews & McMeel and Sphere*

**3 (1) LOS BROS HERNANDEZ**  
*Punkettes & Palomar. Fantagraphics & Titan*

**4 (7) NEIL GAIMAN & DAVE MCKEAN**  
*Black Orchid, DC and Violent Cases, Escape*

**5 (10) THIRD WORLD WAR**  
*Pat Mills & Carlos Ezquerro in Crisis, Fleetway*

**6 (RE-ENTRY) AKIRA**  
*Katsuhiro Ottomo, Epic*

**7 (26) ALEX**  
*Charles Peattie & Russell Taylor, The Independent*

**8 (6) CEREBUS**  
*Dave Sim, Aardvark Vanaheim*

**9 (5) MARSHAL LAW**  
*Pat Mills & Kevin O'Neill, Epic*

**10 (22) CHESTER BROWN**  
*Yummy Fur, Vortex*

**11 (3) V FOR VENDETTA**  
*Alan Moore & David Lloyd, DC*

**12 (RE-ENTRY) STEVEN APPLEBY**  
*Captain Star and the crew of the Boiling Hell, Escape*

**13 (17) LUTHER ARKWRIGHT**  
*Bryan Talbot, Valkyrie Press*

**14 (8) KRAZY KAT**  
*George Herriman's gems reprinted by Eclipse*

**15 (18) WINSOR MCCAY**  
*Little Nemo in Slumberland, Fantagraphics & Titan*

**16 (15) MOEBIUS**  
*Jodorowsky's Incal and Stan Lee's Silver Surfer, Epic & Titan*

**1 17 (30) PHILIP BOND**  
*Wired World, Deadline*

**4 18 (21) BATMAN**  
*Happy Fiftieth Birthday*

**10 19 (NEW) SIMON BISLEY**  
*Slaine in full painted colour in 2000AD*

**4 20 (4) BILL SIENKIEWICZ**  
*Elektra & Stray Toasters, Epic*

**1 21 (RE-ENTRY) CHARLES BURNS**  
*El Borrah and Big Baby*

**2 22 (NEW) MILO MANARA**  
*Italy's maestro of erotica, Click!, Catalan*

**1 23 (NEW) NAUSICAÄ**  
*Hayao Miyazaki's rich eco-fantasy, Viz Comics*

**3 24 (RE-ENTRY) STEVE BELL**  
*If, The Guardian*

**5 25 (NEW) GROO THE WANDERER**  
*Sergio Aragones' hapless barbarian, Epic*

**4 26 (20) NEXUS**  
*Mike Baron & Steve Rude, First*

**3 27 (RE-ENTRY) DOONESBURY**  
*Garry Trudeau, The Guardian*

**1 28 (9) EDDIE CAMPBELL**  
*Bacchus in Trident and A1*

**5 29 (NEW) SKREEMER**  
*Pete Milligan, Brett Ewins & Steve Dillon, Sci-Fi gangsters, DC*

**10 30 (NEW) MARK MAREK**  
*New Wave cartoonist of 'Hercules Among the North Americans'*

The first number tells the position of the entry this issue; the second its position last issue; the third is the number of previous issues in which the entry has appeared. The Fickle Finger of Fate identifies entries new to the Hip Parade.



THE JAPANESE INVASION CONTINUES WITH PRINCESS NAUSICAÄ AND TETO THE SQUIRREL-FOX

On the SKP Barometer of Readers' Taste, there's a brand new Number One! After LOS BROS HERNANDEZ' four issues rooted to the top spot, JAMIE HEWLETT ousts them with his feisty 'Tank Girl' in *Deadline*. But there's some fierce competition heating up from CALVIN & HOBBS, GAIMAN & MCKEAN, THIRD WORLD WAR, chased by highest re-entry AKIRA and biggest riser ALEX, up 19 places. Highest new entry is SIMON BISLEY, dazzling 2000AD readers with Slaine saga 'The Horned God'. Who or what will hit the fan next time? Vote and see! It's up to you!

## BEST IN ISSUE

Here are the top five favourite strips from last issue. Voted for by ESCAPE readers. Be sure and tell us which strips in this issue you like the most.

<b>1 Spitzner's Wax Museum</b>	<b>Andreas &amp; Rivière</b>
<b>2 Captain Star</b>	<b>Steven Appleby</b>
<b>3 Mr Mamoulain</b>	<b>Brian Bolland</b>
<b>4 The Mirror</b>	<b>Paul Grist &amp; Andrew Glew</b>
<b>5 Calvin &amp; Hobbes</b>	<b>Bill Watterson</b>

## COMPETITION RESULTS

Plucked out of the tide of Ballot Boxes and postcards, here are the five winners of the special effects shocker *Dream Demon* on Palace Video, plus Sphere Books' second Calvin & Hobbes book *Something Under The Bed Is Drooling*: Damien Darke, Brighton; J.J. Edwards, Ilford; Mark Jones, Mountain Ash; W.A. McCabe, Birmingham; and D. McCullagh, Omagh. And J.J. Edwards is the First Prize Winner who also gets a copy of The Fall's LP *I Am Kurious Oranj* on Beggars Banquet.

## Next Issue: English Eccentrics:

**A Stout-Hearted, Thoroughly Bigoted, British Issue with James Robinson & Paul Johnson, Chris Long, Alastair Graham, Brian Bolland, the Pleece Bros.' new series 'Seventies Cop' et al!**

## HIP PARADE COMPETITION!

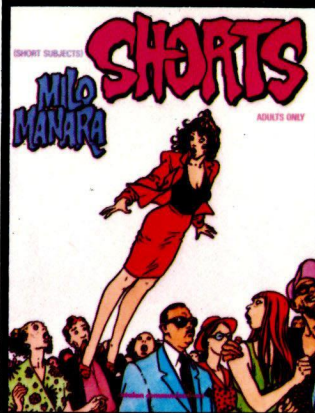
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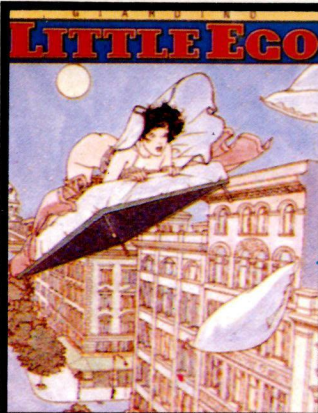


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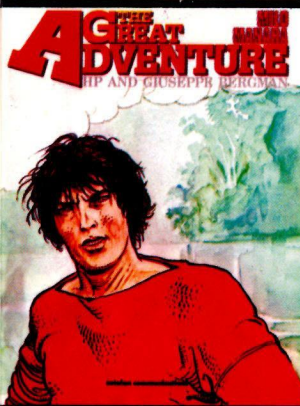
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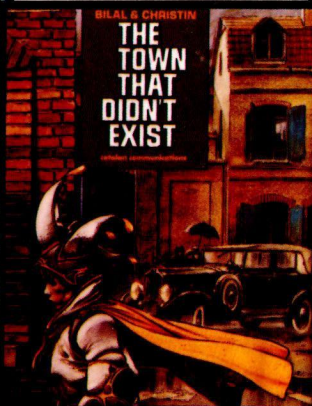
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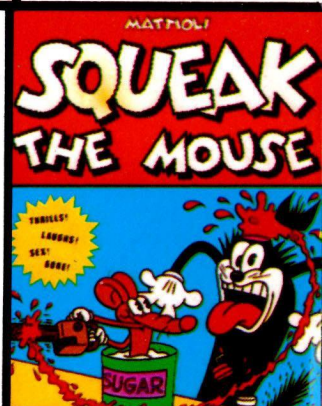
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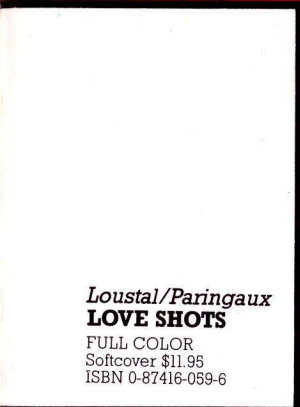
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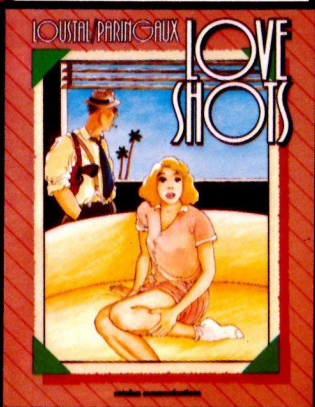
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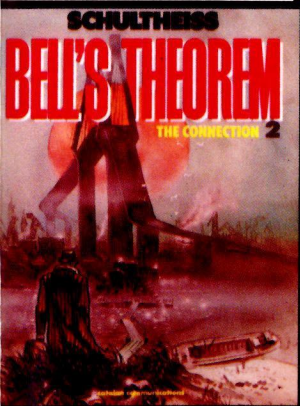
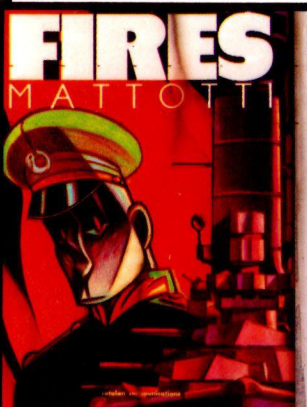
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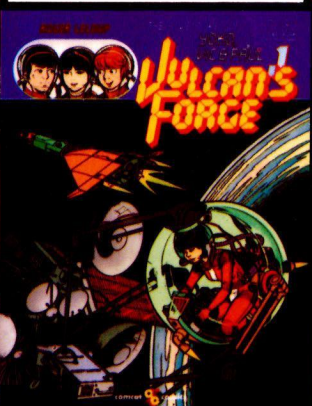
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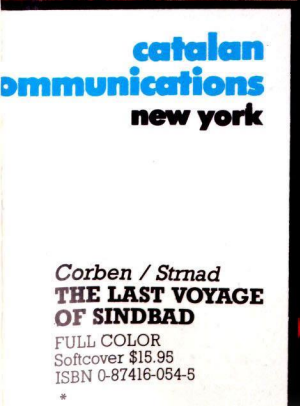


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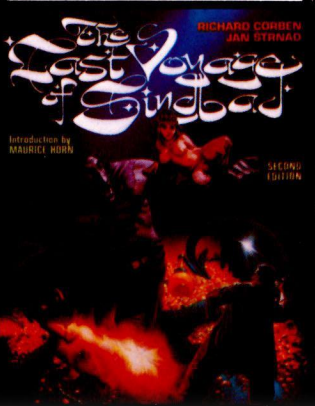


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